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Call-up Of Reservists Awaited By Americans

Washington, July 14.
The call-up of the American National Guard and the Armed Forces Reserve to active duty may be decided soon after the return tomorrow of two members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Committee from the Far East.
An informed official said here today that the Defense Department was awaiting their return before deciding whether to recommend these steps.
General Lawton Collins, the Army Chief of Staff, and General Hoyt Vandenberg, the Air Force Chief, are due here tomorrow from Tokyo, where they have been conferring with General Douglas MacArthur.
The question becomes increasingly urgent as the Korean war begins to compel the United States to send units from its mobile reserves at home, it was believed here.—Reuter.

LIE APPEALS TO UN MEMBERS FOR FURTHER FORCES

Lake Success, July 14.
Secretary-General Trygve Lie appealed today to members of the United Nations to send additional ground forces to aid the United States troops in Korea.

In a message to the 52 nations supporting the United Nations sanctions against the Korean Communists, Mr Lie said General Douglas MacArthur's unified command was "in urgent need of further effective assistance, including combat forces, particularly ground forces."

The message went to all of the United Nations, except to the Soviet Union and its four satellites and Communist Yugoslavia, which opposed the decision to send United Nations forces to Korea.

Mr Lie told United Nations members that offers of military assistance should be couched in general terms, thus leaving the details to be worked out in consultation, between the member governments and the United States, and that offers of any type of assistance should be addressed to Lake Success.

"This is a United Nations action," the Secretary-General said, "and it is the duty of every member to do what it can to bring the enforcement procedure in Korea to a successful end. All member nations have the simple duty to do what they can."

Asked at a press conference whether his appeal was for "token forces to gain as wide an international representation as possible," Mr Lie replied: "No. I think they should give truly effective assistance."

The appeal, Mr Lie said, carried a special sentence for the Nationalist Government of China, which offered to send 33,000 troops from its island refuge on Formosa. "The United States Government," the message to China said, "has received your previous response, and will receive your further offer, and will take up with you in negotiations specific details."

Washington has been reluctant to bring Chinese Nationalist troops into Korea, as this might afford the Chinese Communists a pretext for entering the fight on the side of the North Koreans, claiming that they are fighting to end China's civil war.—United Press.

Minimum For Solution Of Korean Crisis

Washington, July 14.
The State Department said today that the minimum condition for a solution of the Korean crisis is for the Northern Communists to stop fighting and withdraw to their own territory.
A Department spokesman also declared that the "proper forum" for trying to settle the crisis is the United Nations; that this is no matter for direct negotiation between Moscow and Washington.

These basic points of American policy were brought out at a press conference while the Secretary of State, Mr Dean Acheson, was still considering a personal message from the Indian Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, on the Korean crisis.
The spokesman said he presumed that Mr Acheson would send Mr Nehru an answer but none had gone out yet.
There were indications that Mr Nehru had appealed to Generalissimo Stalin yesterday, for a peaceful settlement of the Korean fighting, and offered to mediate if asked by both sides to do so.

The spokesman's comments to reporters did not rule out more favourable reaction to Mr Acheson on the principle of striving for a peaceful settlement provided basic conditions were met by the Communists.—Reuter.

PERSONAL APPEAL

New Delhi, July 14.
Pandit Nehru's approach to Marshal Stalin and the U.S. Secretary of State, Mr Dean Acheson, on the Korean crisis, was just a personal appeal from him to their Governments to take such steps as would prevent the area of conflict from spreading and secure the presence of Russia and the U.S. Government of China in the Security Council, it was authoritatively learned here tonight.
India's view has been that, with the presence of these two powers in the Council, and in co-operation with other peace-loving nations, it should not be impossible to find a solution to the present crisis.
Pandit Nehru, who is leaving for his home town of Allahabad tomorrow and will be away from the capital for two days, was not available for any amplification of the official announcement earlier in the day.

on his messages to Marshal Stalin and Mr Acheson. Authoritative quarters, however, indicated that nothing further on the Prime Minister's move could possibly be said pending reactions from Moscow and Washington to his appeal in the supreme cause of peace.—Reuter.

INTEREST AROUSED

Washington, July 14.
India's reported move to localise the Korean fighting and bring about an eventual settlement have aroused considerable interest in Washington, official circles but comment is being reserved until the Indian suggestions are made public.

The State Department reported this morning that the note received from the Indian Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, yesterday was still under study. It led to a series of conferences in the State Department, but officials would not even indicate its nature.
There was nothing to indicate how the State Department reacted to the note.

Although it was assumed this note was similar to the one delivered yesterday in the Kremlin, there was no official confirmation.

The speculation here was: 1. Mr Nehru had urged the Korean fighting should be localised, meaning that Russia should be asked to withdraw its troops from the Korean peninsula. 2. India would be willing to act as mediator but only if requested to do so. 3. Communist China should be admitted to the United Nations, thus ending a Russian boycott and preparing the way for a peaceful settlement of the conflict through the United Nations.

NO VETO

The admission of the Chinese Communists to the United Nations, thus displacing the Chinese Nationalist representative, has been stoutly opposed in the United States Congress.
Congressmen generally were understood to be in favour of the new move and efforts to localise the fighting, but not reports that Mr Nehru's note advocated the admission of the Chinese Communists made them cautious in welcoming India's efforts.

The attitude of the State Department to this question has been that although the United States would vote against the Chinese Communist representative, it would not use its veto power to prevent it.—Reuter.

Sierra Leone Gets New Constitution

London, July 14.
Britain today approved a new Constitution for Sierra Leone which will give the Legislative Council an unofficial majority in future.
The Constitution is expected to come into force early next year.

Its announcement, it is hoped, will end a two-year-old political deadlock between the Colony, the 200-square-mile peninsula which is British territory, and the Protectorate, the African territory under British protection which forms the major part of the nearly 28,000 square miles of the country.

Under the new Constitution, the Executive Council will consist of four ex-officio members and four unofficial members. Members of the Legislative Council will have to be literate in English, and the field for selection of members by district councilors in the Protectorate will be widened considerably by improving the basis of representation in the Council.—Reuter.

Welcome!



Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt gets a warm welcome from Queen Juliana of Holland on her arrival at The Hague. Watching is Prince Bernhard. Mrs Roosevelt, who is on a private visit to Europe after unveiling a statue of her husband, the late American President, in Oslo, stayed at the Palace as guest of the Queen for two days. (London Express Service.)

AUSTRALIAN DOCKERS TO OUST REDS

Sydney, July 14.
Seamen throughout Australia defied the Communist-dominated leadership of their union today and moved to purge Party line officials who had ordered them not to handle arms shipments to Korea.

Sydney seamen, at a stop-work meeting, demanded that the Federal Secretary, E.V. Elliot, who is a Communist, be fired because of "dissatisfaction" by the membership with his work.

Other seamen called meetings in every port next Tuesday to throw off Communist leadership that resolved no weapons would be carried in Union-hauled ships.

The seamen's action came as members of the Waterside Workers' Union, also Communist-dominated, joined the Korean arms ban and refused to load aircraft engines aboard the British vessel Changie, which is scheduled to sail for Tokyo on Saturday. Waterside workers refused to load engines for Tokyo-based Australian Mustang fighters despite the Government threat to prosecute any persons interfering with arms shipments.—United Press.

STOP PRESS HEAVY KUM RIVER FIGHTING

Tokyo, July 15.
North Korean troops have cracked the western end of the American defence line on the Kum River and heavy fighting is in progress. Despatches from the front said today that the North Koreans established themselves on the south side of the Kum River at a point about 10 miles northwest of Taejon in a big infiltration movement.

Advices said that a mass assault at the end of the American line may start tonight. General Douglas MacArthur disclosed in a communiqué that the North Koreans also had made a dangerous breakthrough on the South Korean line through the Chungju front at a point about 45 miles northeast of Taejon. On this front the Reds are driving southward in the hope of cutting the American supply line running to Taejon from Pusan, southeast coastal port.—United Press.

North Korean Effort To Breach Kum River Line Hurled Back GRIM-FACED G.I.'S AWAIT EXPECTED MASS ATTACK

Tokyo, July 14.
American troops dug in along their Kum River "line of no retreat" today hurled back a North Korean effort to breach the line and waited grim-faced for what they thought would be a mass attack tonight.

Yugoslav Protest To Bulgaria

Belgrade, July 14.
Marshal Tito's government tonight charged that Bulgarian troops crossed the Yugoslav frontier on Thursday and fired on Yugoslav border guards.

The charge was made in a formal note delivered to the Bulgarian Legation here in the midst of a mounting war of nerves between Yugoslavia and her Communist neighbours—Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania.
The note said Bulgarian border troops staged "four armed provocations" and demanded that "urgent measures be taken by the Bulgarian Government to prevent repetition of such armed provocations." It said Bulgaria "deliberately infiltrated small units and individuals of its army into Yugoslavia."

FIRST INCIDENT

The first incident took place near the frontier village of Nagy Konchka, according to the note. It said one Bulgarian crossed the border and was stopped by a Yugoslav guard. When the Yugoslav called on the man to surrender his arms, the Bulgarian fired 10 shots, but the Yugoslav guard did not return fire.

The note said three other incidents occurred near the village of Kilsura and were similar to the first.
"The Yugoslav Foreign Ministry most energetically protests against these provocations," said the note.

It also advised Bulgaria that one Bulgarian soldier was shot and killed by a Yugoslav guard when he tried to throw a hand grenade.—United Press.

Explosions In Portsmouth

Portsmouth, Hampshire, July 14.
Britain's biggest naval base at Portsmouth was shaken tonight by a series of explosions, two of them heavy, in ammunition barges at Gosport, on the opposite side of the harbour.
Seven people were hurt, none of them badly. In the explosions, which caused a big fire and several smaller ones on a pier and the foreshore, buildings were damaged. Windows in Ryde, Isle of Wight, five miles across the water, were shaken.
Holiday-makers in Ryde said that they felt the explosion and could see smoke rising into the air.—Reuter.

Warships Said Sunk

London, July 14.
The Soviet Tass news agency said today that the Korean Communists gave sunk two American warships, one in a naval action and the other with shore guns.
The Tass dispatch, quoting the Soviet navy newspaper, the Red Fleet, did not identify the ships reported sunk.—United Press.

EDITORIAL

Municipal Sport

MERELY a cursory study of the recommendations of the advisory committee on recreational facilities in the Colony is sufficient to compel admiration for the thoroughness of the investigation, which is patient, and equally for the result. If the constructive proposals based on the findings cannot be regarded as perfection, that merely emphasises the manifold complications involved when the problem is tackled seriously, and the soundly reasoned reluctance to interfere unduly with existing institutions. All in all, the report must be regarded as testifying to a job well done. Guiding the committee was conviction of the need for breaking largely with tradition, built up from the days when the interest of the Chinese resident in sport was negligible, and of entering to the complete change in outlook which accelerated astonishingly after the tendency was noted forty years ago. Today, if it cannot be asserted that Chinese participation in sport is proportionate to population figures, the number of Chinese would-be competitors is overwhelmingly large. And the implication is, assuming the intention of placing facilities at their disposal, a more active municipal interest in preparing and maintaining playing grounds and their allotment. The necessity for an entirely new approach was not disputed by the committee; in fact, their insistence upon it gives the real value to their conclusions. The difficulty is to devise a practical scheme which will achieve what is wanted without alienating clubs which have contributed valuably over many years to fostering sportsmanship in Hongkong.

The advisory committee's answer is able and public-spirited. A commonsense compromise between respecting the rights and privileges of old-established clubs and providing adequate space for the under-privileged. In effect, the endeavour is to kill two birds with one stone, the most important recommendation being the creation of a pooling system. Certain grounds, like those within the racecourse, will not be allocated to individual clubs, but will be placed under the Superintendence of Gardens for maintenance and booked by any organisation applying for use, whether it is associated with the Services, a club or one of the schools. Clubs maintaining their own grounds will be expected to give facilities for play to students and the Services when not required for their own use. As the majority of clubs already do that automatically, the proposal offers no hardship, and there is little doubt that it will be accepted enthusiastically, accompanied as it is by a proposal that they be granted ten-year leases, instead of annual allotments. Clubs which, for various reasons, have not been sure of their tenure will be encouraged to longer-range planning of development, with beneficial results. Other recommendations in a most comprehensive report reveal the same close thought and understanding, and are certain to command public support. It is to be hoped that their acceptance in principle by the Government implies that a determined effort to put ideas into practice will be made, and without avoidable loss of time.

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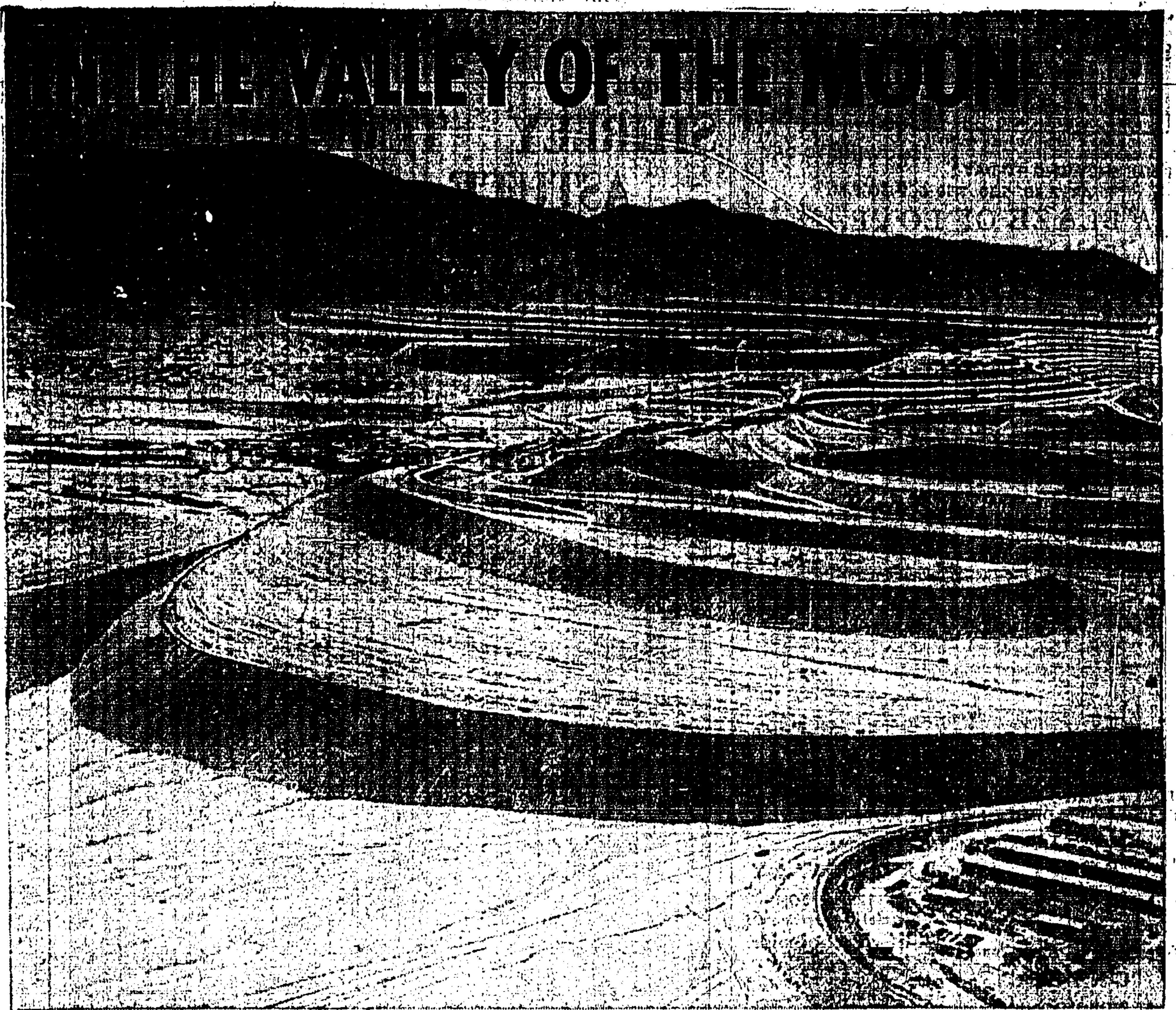
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Promenade Orchestra. 11.30	CLARE BURN. 11.30
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River of Copper Flows from a Mountain Valley



A TREMENDOUS blast loosens thousands of tons of copper ore at head of mine. The huge shovel is one of many ready to move in and start loading the ore cars.

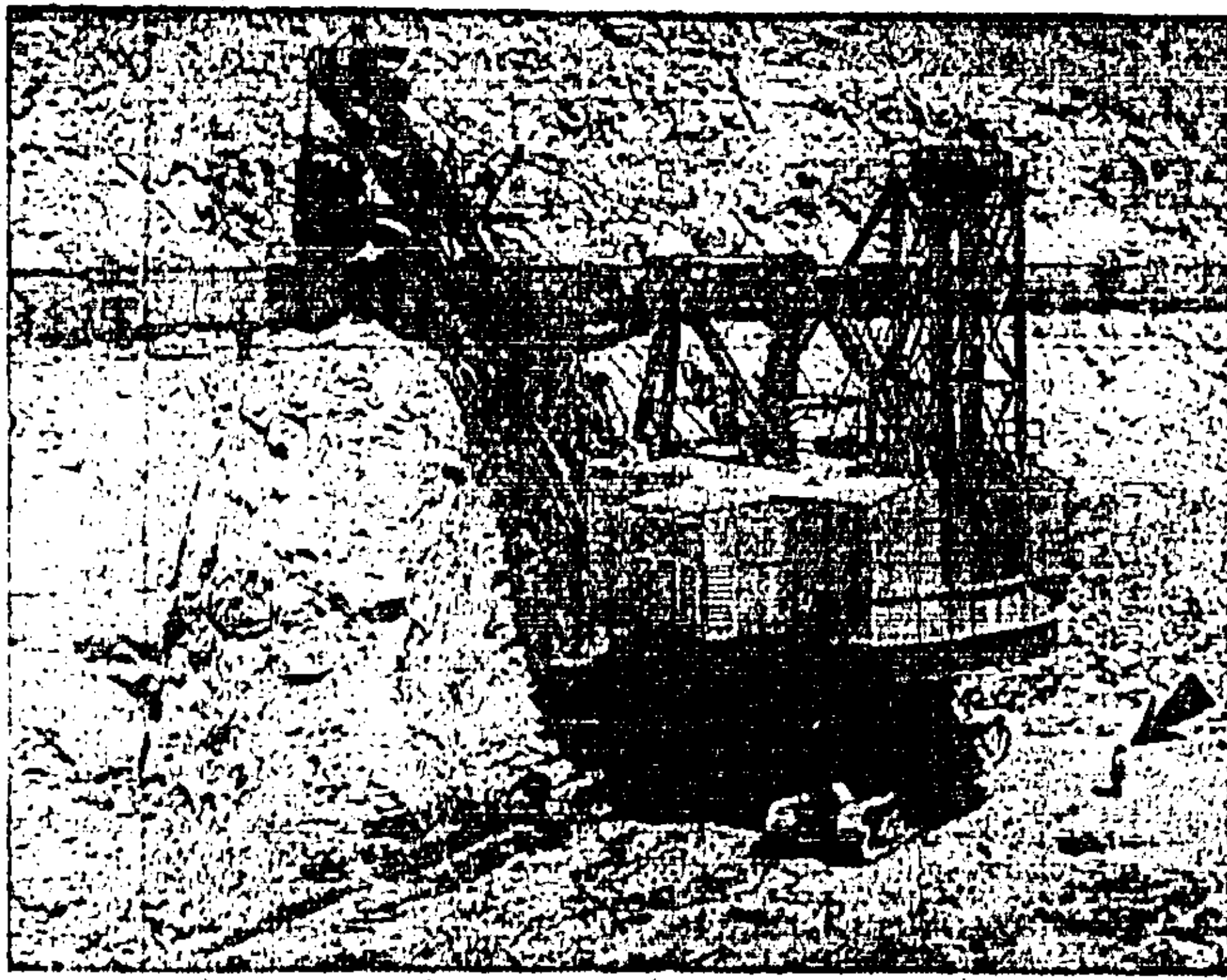


This aerial view of the barren mine area at Chuquibambilla shows tremendous tailings which still contain ore and will be reprocessed to increase output of metal.

WAY UP in the Chilean Andes, in the middle of a seemingly endless plateau desert 10,000 feet high, is the sun-scorched "Valley of the Moon." Unlike a desolate crater on the moon which it resembles, however, Chuquibambilla is inhabited by almost 18,000 people. Living in a dead world of over 500,000 square miles, they are there for one purpose—to dig into the largest copper deposit on earth.

For over 85 years men have worked in a non-stop operation, cutting away an entire mountain and blasting a hole 1½ miles long, ½ mile wide and 750 feet deep. It is an open-pit mine with over 80 miles of railway track running along its terraces.

Because of this immense mineral deposit, copper is Chile's No. 1 business—a US\$100,000,000 industry. From it the country derives 70% of its dollar income. Without the "Valley of the Moon," Chile might become an economic valley in despair.



THE MILLION-DOLLAR electrically-operated shovel lifts high grade ore to cars standing on higher level bench. Note the man (arrow) for comparison of size.



A ROTARY car dumper turns over two cars at a time to slide ore into crusher. Pure copper has averaged 1.8% of 550 million tons of ore removed in the past 35 years.



INSIDE THE SMELTER, workers use air pressure hoses to cool copper wire bars, which are cast in forms, on huge turn-



HUGE STOCKPILES of copper bars and billets are stored in the warehouse for shipment to companies all over the world. Rich mineral area which surrounds Chuquibambilla is so vast that only a bare three per cent of it has been fully explored.

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A BLAZE OF GUNS,
A BLAZE OF TROPICAL
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TREVOR HOWARD AND ANOUK

GOLDEN SALAMANDER

HERBERT LOM
JACQUES SERNAS



ROXY ADDED: TECHNICOLOR SHORT "BEE BOTHER."
BROADWAY ADDED: "WAR IN KOREA."

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ROXY AT 11.30 A.M.
Paramount Films Presents
Alan Ladd • Loretta Young
"CHINA"
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BROADWAY AT 12.00 NOON
A Special Programme Of
"All Technicolor
Cartoons"
From 20th Century-Fox &
RKO Radio (Walt Disney)
Studios.

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roaring adventure...
savage thrills...
a story of unforget-
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Colour by TECHNICOLOR
Lon McCallister • Peggy Ann Garner
Preston Foster
with Forrest Tucker • Skip Homeier
Produced by William Powell. Directed by Phil Karlson.
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LIBERTY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M.
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"AWFUL TRUTH"
說謊世界
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For Everyone!
"Cause that 'Dear Ruth'
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Dear Wife
FOR THE HOME OF YOUR LIFE!
starring
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SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING SHOW
At 12.30 p.m. At Reduced Prices!
A New Programme of POPEYE & PUPPET CARTOONS
In Technicolor.
Presented by Paramount Films

Spotlight

SHIRLEY TEMPLE BECOMES AN ASTUTE BUSINESS WOMAN

Shirley Temple, once the cinema's No 1 box office attraction, has no intention of letting her career suffer any of the disasters that befell Deanna Durbin or Judy Garland.

At 22, after many said that her film career was already finished, she has become—for the first time

in her life—her own boss. And one of Hollywood's most astute business women. Says she: "I got my release from my DAVID SELZNICK contract—under which she got 3,000 dollars (£1,071) a week—because he 'fanned me out' to other producers. And they put me in bad films. Like her most recent: 'A Kiss for Corliss.' But 'Am I going to finance my own films? Goodness, no!'"

Hoot's Back

EDMUND RICHARD GIBSON—you know him better as Cowboy "HOOT" GIBSON—is riding again. For years way back he was Hollywood's roolin'-lootinest cowboy, drawing a salary of 14,000 dollars (£5,000) a week.

Now he is helping along his new popularity by buying up his old films for resale to TV networks.

And his "Hoot" Gibson badges, suits, guns, and equipment sell to American children—and adults—as if they were talismans.

Salt Tots

TYRONE POWER and company are now on their way to London to appear in "Mr Roberts," salty-scripted Broadway success.

But first there will be several days of try-outs to test British reaction to the American slang.

"Choochoo Girl"

ROSE MURPHY, hard-breathing Negro singer known as the "Choochoo" girl, will arrive in England soon.

With her, her husband, six choochoo boards (treasured pieces of wood on which pianist-Rose beats staccato time with her foot), seven new evening dresses, two trunks and three suitcases.

They will pay her £550 a week for four weeks to sing in her tiny, high-pitched voice in a London club. "But about 10 percent of everything I earn will be claimed by your tax collectors."

Rose sings on Broadway with her eyes tight shut. Her tongue saucily sticking out of her mouth and she substitutes much of the written lyrics with the word "choochoo" or something that sounds like "rrr."

Doubtless London will hear again "I can't give you anything but love"—the song with which RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH introduced her to British listeners.

Afterthoughts

EZIO PINZA, a middle-aged opera singer, who is being winced and dined in Hollywood while making a film with LANA TURNER, lived there unnoticed three years before he left for Broadway to become a big success in "South Pacific."

SARAH CHURCHILL, in Hollywood to make a picture is one of the freshest characters in the town has seen in years. She frankly admits: "I should have been seen on the American screen much earlier—if they had invited me."

Writers on the WARNER lot have been told they must work from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily, plus a half-day Saturday. In future, "And no writer may stay who cannot finish a script in eight weeks." RANALDO DOUGALL, who wrote "Hasty Heart," said that in these circumstances he did not want to stay. (London Express Service)

TOUGH ON DRACULA



Bela (Dracula) Lugosi, famed for years for his movie and stage portrayals of a human vampire preying upon the blood of fair ladies, looks horrified as Red Cross Nurse Henrietta Roger tests his hemoglobin at the New York Donor Centre of the R. C. Blood Programme.

SHOW TALK

By HAROLD CONWAY

Has there been a musical better than "Top Hat"?

Welcome to that Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical, "Top Hat," now brightening some of London's suburban screens again.

But how depressing it can be, too. What progress have Hollywood musicals made in 15 years? (British musicals have not even begun seriously.)

With very few exceptions—such as "On the Town," seen recently—the art of screen musical comedy has been sliding steadily downhill. And "Top Hat," for all its old-fashioned comedy situations, shows up the rate of decline.

We have had plenty of slick and costly efficiency since then. But where is the atmosphere of sheer enchantment which those Fred-and-Ginger concoctions of the 'thirties radiated?

Ginger Rogers herself will be 30 next month. She is still a brilliant comedienne, but concentrates on straight parts nowadays. Who has succeeded her in the provision of song-and-dance enchantment? In 15 years I can remember only one oasis in the barren scene. Rita Hayworth in "Cover Girl." And for Miss Hayworth, like Ginger, time has marched on.

Vera-Ellen? She is coming along nicely; perhaps we must pin our hopes on her. But this renewed sight of Ginger Rogers at her most dazzling period shows how far even little Vera-Ellen has to go. Nobody else has started.

No wonder that some of Hollywood's stars are expressing anxiety about this move to revive their old films. They are now faced by competition, not only with young newcomers—but with their own former screen faces as well.

These stars are prepared to meet and fight the up-and-coming youngsters on their own ground. But they consider it a hitting below the belt for their employers to remind the public of past glories which have faded a little.

I hear accounts of musical and provincial festival planning for next year, when Britain is supposed to be going on show to the world. Even the film

studios are making long-term plans for the occasion. What about the West End theatre managers? So far as any co-ordinated effort is concerned, they seem to be planless—with one notable exception.

That exception is a small committee, formed under the aegis of the Arts Council—with Sir Bronson Albery as chairman and Sir Laurence Olivier among its members.

The committee is meeting—as it was formed—in great secret, to think up ways and means of organising one or two really Festival productions. Possibly at Olivier's working HQ, the St. James's Theatre.

But this is a plan for one theatre only. I suggest that all the other West End managers get together now and plan a 1951 season which will genuinely represent the British stage.

HASSAN AGAIN

Meanwhile, Basil Dean is planning an entirely new production for next year of "Hassan"—probably the finest English play of our time.

As a preliminary, Dean flew out for Pretoria, to produce the play for Marjorie Varnne's South African National Theatre. Later this year he is to direct a television version—which should provide TV's most controversial effort yet.

James Elroy Flecker died at the age of 31, eight years before his "poetic-prose" play was first staged by Miss Dean in 1923 with the late Henry Ainley in the title-role. "Hassan" marked a high-water achievement in the British theatre—and Decca's incidental music made that composer known to a wide public for the first time.

I make another suggestion: let that hush-hush committee consider "Hassan" as Britain's main dramatic contribution to the 1951 Festival. And invite Sir Ralph Richardson to pair off with Vivien Leigh, and Sir Laurence Olivier with Margaret Leighton in the chief roles.

These artists, I believe, would be interested—for a limited Festival season; and a new generation of playgoers would see something unique in British theatrical art.

MIXED DRINKS?

Theatrical manager Henry Sherak and the Korda film

company hasten chivalrously to the defence of Margaret Leighton—and themselves. All because I suggested that she was coming out of "The Cocktail Party" to sit idle for some weeks—maybe.

"We would have been willing to let Miss Leighton stay on in the play, despite her contract with us," say the film folk.

"I have to let her go after this week because of a previous arrangement," protests Sherak. "But she can come back to me any time she likes in another play—I have already asked her."

What was the "previous arrangement?" Inevitably, it was "The Cocktail Party" lead when it was first produced, agreed to go over for the Broadway production on one condition—that she could come back and join the London cast.

"I don't want to risk being marooned in America," declared this actress. Miss Worth, I may mention, is an American.

Lana Turner wants a boy

Lana Turner and her husband, Bob Toop, want a boy. They lost their first baby by premature birth, but doctors feel they can avoid a re-birth of this.

Lana already has one baby, Cheryl Christine, by her first marriage. M-G-M, where Lana works, seems to be the star's favourite studio. Esther Williams, June Allyson and Cyd Charisse are expecting.

Now working in a film with Ezio Pinza, Lana doesn't expect her baby till the end of January.

Marriage rumours about Evelyn Keyes and Sydney Chaplin are not being taken lightly by their friends. Evelyn says that the subject has not been discussed between Sydney and herself, but that he is "wonderful company."

The two first met when studying "Othello" in a theatre effort. They play tennis at the home of Charlie Chaplin and it is understood that they may both have parts in his next picture on which work should start at the beginning of next year.

Week-End Screen Fare

Golden Salamander (ROXY & BROADWAY) introduces Arthur Rank's new French star, Anouk, opposite Trevor Howard. Trevor is an archaeologist who is sent to Tunisia to collect some valuable knick-knacks for his London museum. He runs into some gun-running business and must inevitably interfere. This turns a cameraman's holiday on Tunisian landscapes and Anoukian close-ups into a thriller. The thrills, though, are on the slow side.

Yes Sir, That's My Baby (KING'S) is in technicolor and exploits the already over-exploited subject of young veterans, their wives and their babies going through the laborious process of catching up on papa's education when it's time he started earning his living.

Donald O'Connor and Gloria De Haven are the young couple and Charles Coburn adds to what is fairly light and pleasant entertainment. Muffed again is an opportunity to introduce a new theme song that could be entitled "When That Captain on the Comm..."

There are Cacti on the Campl'

Sands of Two Jims (LEE) is still drawing crowds and starts on its third week today. It may be worthy of note that a score or more semi-documentaries on the last war have not achieved the same success in Hongkong. Lincoln agreed that the public is not wrong all this time.

The Wizard of Oz (QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA) gives the 40-year-olds a chance to acquaint their children with the type of literature (if only in a screen version) that excited them at Christmas when they were young. The kids, though, may come away fully convinced that the Atomic Age has produced more exciting characters such as Superman and Mighty Mouse. Cyclones and Straw Men don't compare.

Carmen (GATHAX) is a French film with Viviane Romance and Christian Jacqu. Don't dismiss it for the fact that Kathryn Grayson and Jimmy Durante are not in the cast.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

AIR-CONDITIONED AIR-CONDITIONED
QUEEN'S: — 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW —
Extra Performance at 11.30 a.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

TECHNICOLOR SHOW OF SHOWS!
BAGS: MIGHTY MIRACLE MUSICAL!
THE WIZARD OF OZ
JUDY GARLAND
LILLIAN BROWN • LILY KELLY • BETT LUTZ • JACK KELLY
WOLFEY • TECHNICOLOR
A BILLY GRAYSON-KATHY GRAYSON PRODUCTION

ALHAMBRA
— TO-MORROW AT 12 NOON ONLY —
VARIETY PROGRAM
All in Technicolor
From M-G-M and Warner Bros.
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ORIENTAL
AIR-CONDITIONED
Take Any Eastern Tram Car or Happy Valley Bus

SHOWING TO-DAY: 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
THE TRUE AND SAVAGE STORY OF BILLY THE KID!

The KID FROM TEXAS
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
AUDIE MURPHY • GALE STORM
— ALBERT DECKER • KEEPPED STATIONERY

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
RETURN ENGAGEMENT BY PUBLIC REQUEST
"TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI" ... TECHNICOLOR FILM

TO-DAY ONLY
MAJESTIC
AIR-CONDITIONED
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

Tokyo Rose
— BYRON BARR • OSA MASSEN • DON DOUGLAS
RICHARD LOO • LOTUS LONG • "TOKYO ROSE"
Directed by LEW LANDERS • A PINE-THOMAS Production
A Paramount Picture

COMMENCING TO-MORROW
SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW AT 12.00 NOON!
MARGARET LOCKWOOD in
"MADNESS OF THE HEART"
ALSO, LATEST NEWS!
"THE BATTLE OF KOREA"

SHOWING TO-DAY
KING'S
AIR-CONDITIONED
EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.

The Big Musical CHEER of the Year!
"YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY"
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Charles O'CONNOR • COBURN
Gloria De HAVEN
Produced by ROBERT ALDRICH
Directed by ROBERT ALDRICH
Also Special Korean War News

One reason why every husband should wear a wedding ring...

by
CANON WARNER

"I was an illegitimate child. Quite recently I learned that my father was a married man who imposed upon my mother the guise of a single man, until it was too late. I now feel robbed of all self-respect. I do not want to take any active interest in life. What is the law doing? Take a person's goods, and you may go to prison; wreck a person's life, and you escape scot free!"

When his mother interferes...

THERE is a growing feeling that there should be some severe penalty in the kind of adulterous cases that you mention. Only by the imposition of a penalty can public opinion become articulate. Cruelty to children at one time was a non-indictable offence. Public opinion became outraged, and legislation, with the imposition of imprisonment in certain cases, was passed. The effect has been to lessen offences against children, especially in industry.

What you are asking for (and now fully I agree with you) is an extension of these laws to protect children. Sixty thousand children each year on the average are being deprived of secure and happy home life, because of the invasion of some co-responder.

These children are wholly innocent sufferers, and yet the law does nothing to protect them. The difficulties of such legislation are obvious.

☆☆☆

As a start, however, the case of the married man who hides his real status in the circumstances you mention needs attention.

Not only is he an adulterer, but he is acting under false pretences. I can see no reason why the whole severity of the law should not be used to express the disgust of all decent people. Only so can children be saved from the distress that you yourself have come to feel.

Lethargy is the bugbear. Most of us are too lazy to demand that action shall be

As compensation for your feeling of "life not being worth living," take us this cause. Your sufferings may well be acceptable if you know that they are the price that you are willing to pay to wipe out from society a very black blot upon its honour.

YOU have come "down to earth" rather suddenly after your honeymoon. It is a common experience.

A succession of daily and rather humdrum duties have to be carried out, and it looks at first as if it were the death-knell to romance. On top of this your experience you have had (a) to share a house, (b) to live with your mother-in-law.

If having difficulties to tackle is the prelude to happy marriage, then you need not feel hopeless about your future. But it will need all your wit and common-sense.

You tell me that your courtship days were heavenly. You do not know then only his best side—and gave little thought to his failings.

He probably knows how his mother worries you. He is longing to find a way in which he can tactfully persuade her to leave you both to the privacy of your own married life. As he knows her loneliness, and is, rightly, fond of her, he needs time not to hurt her.

Show that you understand the difficulty of the "left-side" in which he finds himself. Another way of feeling of resentment even if it hurts. If he no longer feels that he has to defend his mother against you, he will be more quickly adjusted himself properly, putting you really first.

Let the pledge of your understanding affection be sealed by resuming full married life again together.

(London Express Service)

Frank Owen

SAYS 'ROLL OVER, CHARLIE'

AS the sun is sinking I am standing in the Spaniards Inn, Hampstead.

(There they claim that Dick Turpin stopped, not slept, on his ride on Black Bess to York. They also say the same at every other pub on the Great North Road—though in fact Dick never did ride to York, and there never was a Black Bess.)

Well, with me is an argumentative Australian character. And Karl (Charlie to you) Marx is under discussion. Says he arrogantly (for I am undoubtedly getting the better of this argument), "Well, where is the guy buried, anyway?"

Meaning not Dick, but Charlie.

I do not know the answer. I have to admit this reluctantly. Because this damned controversial character from the Commonwealth certainly DOES know.

He informs me, and off to Highgate Cemetery we go to view.

☆☆☆

NOW, though it is only opening time at the Spaniards, it is very close upon closing time at the cemetery. That is, 8 p.m.

However, we quickly find a fine chap called Mr Harold Cotton. Harold is a gardener.

Like almost everyone else in Britain, Harold has been a serving man. At 16 he was a soldier in the East Yorks in World War I. He volunteered just in time for one of our best retreats.

"Bilney," he says, "we were massacred."

But when World War II came around Harold volunteered again.

"Gilt axis of it," they said. "Ain't you 'ad enough?"

"Now!" said Harold. So they put him in the A.P. "It was worse than the Western Front," says Harold.

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To get on, Harold used to be a stonemason, but lifting gravestones was no good for his heart. So now he looks after them.

And among the gravestones is that of Charlie Marx.

Now, unlike most of the members of the Socialist Party, I have really read Charlie. Not only seen his tomb, but read his tome, "Das Kapital."

With much of what he said I agree. He foresaw most things that have happened in our modern world. True, he didn't foresee Hitler. Or Stalin, a worse oversight.

Loved the brute

WHEN Charlie was not sponging upon Engels, the Manchester business man, he was living upon the credit of his wife, the Rhenish aristocrat, Jennie von Westphalen, who put up with all his nonsense because she, unaccountably, loved the brute.

So, also unaccountably, quite a fair number of others, "Why, rich people come here in big cars," says Harold. "It's the only grave round about where any flowers are. (It's true: roses grow upon it.) A Negro came here the other day, a giant of a man, with a wonderful voice. He sat down, and I went away. When I came back, dammit, he had fallen asleep. I thought he was dead too."

Then there was a beautiful woman. She came, and stood

taken. As compensation for your feeling of "life not being worth living," take us this cause. Your sufferings may well be acceptable if you know that they are the price that you are willing to pay to wipe out from society a very black blot upon its honour.

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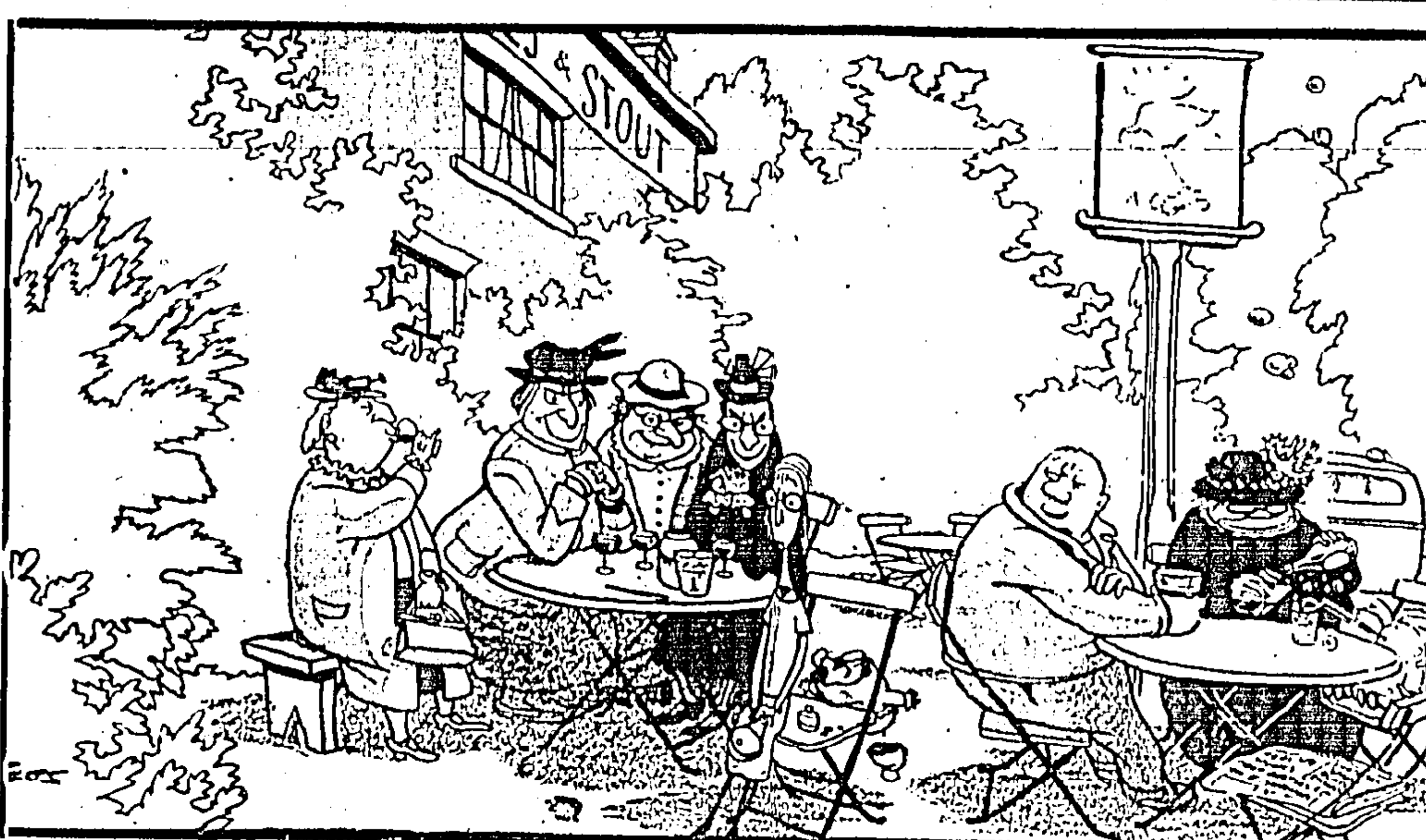
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(London Express Service)



"Take no notice of 'em, Vera—their story about the Russians dropping Colorado beetles on our footballers in Rio is absurd."

(London Express Service)

A mother wept as she waited...

WITH
WICKSTEED
IN THE
PROMISED
LAND-3

HAIFA. This is where I came across Mrs Leah Shechman and her story of her telegram.

The gate to the camp is in a dense thicket of heavy wire netting. Through the small round holes in the netting, a crowd of excited refugees are trying to kiss and touch those who were still on the wrong side.

Dark people from North Africa jostled with men and women in the smart fashions of the West.

The bewildered immigrants have hardly touched the sacred soil before they are whisked off in buses to the old army camp that the British called St Luke's, and the Israelis have renamed "Gate of the Homecoming."

Here they are registered, vaccinated, issued with ration books, and generally sorted out. It is a place of impatience, of waiting your turn, and standing in queues with odd-looking people speaking outlandish tongues.

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Britain makes coins for the nations

By
NORMAN HILLSON

WHEN Nairobi, capital of Kenya, recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of its foundation and received a Royal Charter, the townsfolk in the streets and shops rattled brand new two shilling pieces, freshly arrived from a mint in Birmingham, England.

For coins of many lands are made at two private mints there, and recently the presses have been engaged in turning out coins for Britain's colonies in East and West Africa. It is not so long since they delivered the new currency of the United Kingdom, and coins minted in Birmingham are in circulation in Poland, Rumania, Egypt, Ethiopia, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Ceylon.

Minting of coins in Britain has been under royal or state control from very early days. In medieval times, the King granted special licences to minters in many parts of the country, but in the course of years the issue of money was concentrated in the Royal Mint on Tower Hill, London, and no money could be manufactured anywhere else without the authority of the "Master and Workmen," which is another designation for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He kept the minting of precious metals as his own monopoly but permission was given to private factories to make money from alloys and copper.

End of century

THUS it was that at the end of the 18th century the Birmingham manufacturer, Boulton, who in collaboration with James Watt, the famous inventor, created one of the first practical steam engines, made coins for India and for France. His plant was at Birmingham, and with him began the association of minting money with that city which was continued without interruption ever since.

Boulton was also under contract to manufacture copper coins for ordinary home circulation to the values of twopenny, a penny, halfpenny and farthing. Boulton may be said to be the pioneer of minting on a large scale. Ancient coins were fashioned by placing a piece of metal on an anvil on which a design was engraved and then striking the former a sharp blow so that the intaglio was reproduced.

It was not for a long time that coins had a design on both sides. The first mechanical device for cutting seals of metal into circular shapes for conversion into coins was introduced. Boulton devised a cutting and stamping machine

which has been copied throughout the world. Coinage of the United Kingdom has for many years been made entirely at the Royal Mint. Only coins for countries overseas are made at the two private mints in Birmingham. In every case the manufacture comes under the supreme direction of the Master of the Mint or his deputy.

Base metal

TODAY world coinage, with a few exceptions, is composed of base metal, and at Birmingham two alloys are in general use, according to the demands and requirements of the overseas customer. One is composed of 70 percent copper, 20 percent zinc, and one percent nickel, and the other consists of 75 percent copper and 25 percent nickel.

The mixtures are so arranged that the resultant alloy will be hard and able to stand up to wear and tear. The actual process of manufacture is complicated and involves the use of machinery adjusted to minute accuracy. No matter what the value or denomination of the coinage, the method is the same once the dies have been approved and adjusted.

All the manufacture starts with sheets of metal, pressed to the required thickness, and cut into strips. These strips are passed through a special cutting machine which stamps out circular discs at the rate of 10,000 an hour. As the jetsions accumulate so they are piled into box trucks and wheeled away to an annealing furnace to be softened and tempered. They are then fed into a hopper and hit simultaneously top and bottom by steel punches operated with tremendous force. The impact is such that the coin is made with designs on the two sides.

Prutoth coins

THE East African florin, or two shilling piece, carries the head of King George VI and on the reverse, a lion standing through the jungle with the great Kenya mountain as a background. The 50 and 100 prutoth coins of the new state of Israel have the figures on the one side and a bunch of grapes and a palm tree on the other respective sides.

Each machine can make 45,000 coins in the course of a working day. But before the coins are sent to the counting machine for subsequent packing in bullion boxes, each one is passed by a girl checker who is trained to detect defective or badly stamped coins. If a coin is not 100 percent up to standard, it is thrown out.

BUY A PAINTBOX AND HAVE A TRY

"BUY a paintbox and have a try." That is the advice of a world-famous artist, Honorary Academician Extraordinary of the Royal Academy, who still finds time for his politics—WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

DON'T be scared by oil painting. The bearded gentlemen have no professional monopoly of this form of art. Anyone can join in—and a surprising number of people you know best as engineers, policemen, actors, and the rest are getting a lot of fun out of a little dabbling.

Many more would be trying it now but for the stupid idea that one must have "something" to paint. I have known beginners who have started off early in the morning with a load of new painting kit and tramped miles looking for this nebulous "something." This is absurd.

When I started painting 14 years ago in Kent, I painted what I saw: oast-houses, barns, farmyards.

Don't get complicated

CHOOSE something with a few large objects in it. Don't attempt an enormous canvas that can become too complicated.

Pick, say, a house or a tree or a road. Have this main feature in the middle, then build your landscape round it. Every picture should have some such centre of interest, some definite focal point.

Soon, you will find the has a great store for the things you can paint best, lean winter months. This advice is as old as art. Constable used to make many small sketches before he attempted the final painting.

Gainsborough, another landscape artist whom circumstances forced to paint portraits and live in a town (both of which he disliked doing), used to set up rocks and stones and pieces of coal in his studio in the same formation as a range of hills he liked. Then he would paint from them.

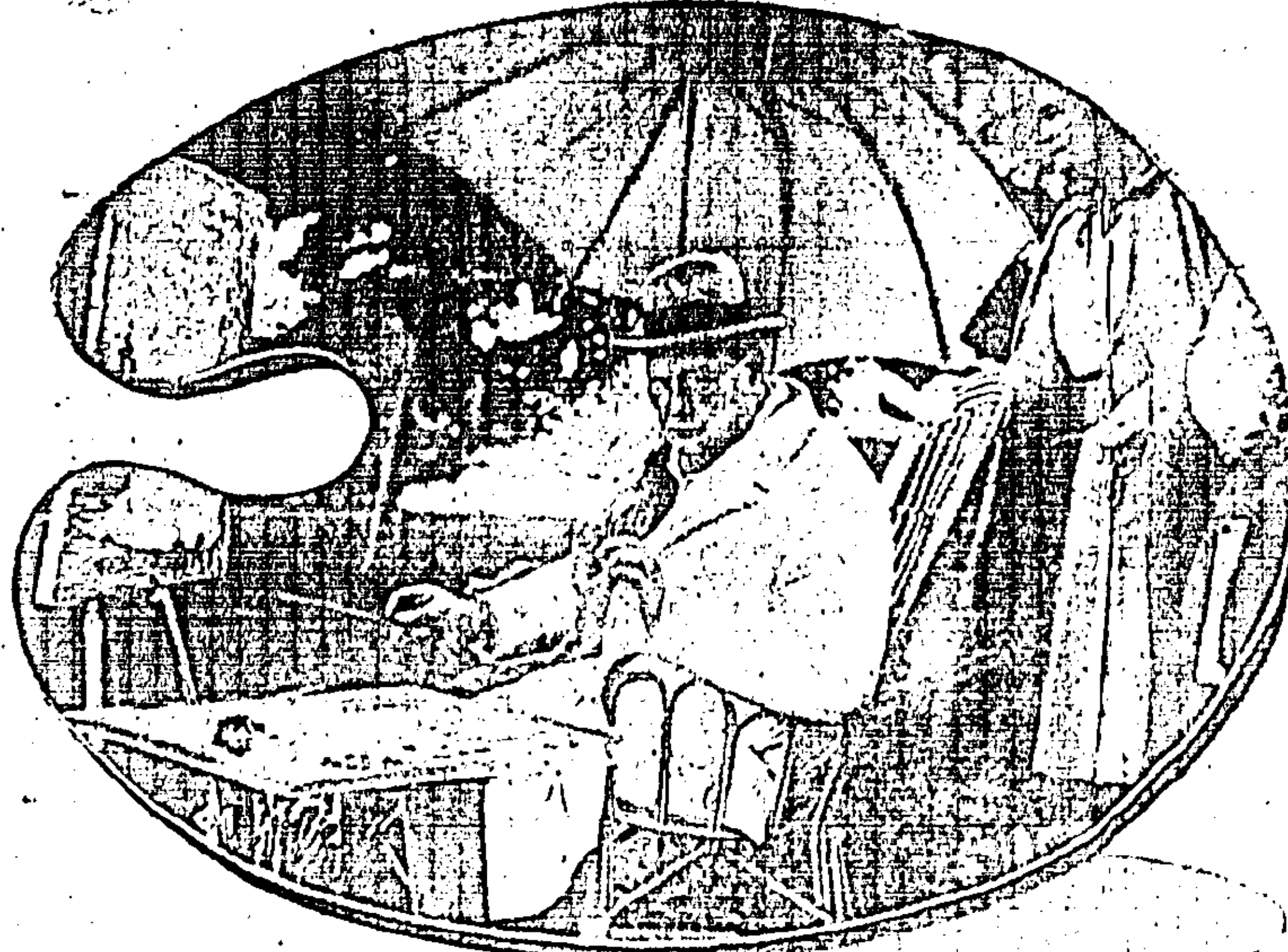
But, for a start, paint something near at hand—while the first enthusiasm is with you.

Repaint it

It is rather like copying the squirrel, who collects nuts all through the summer when he can and then

NOW let's assume the door is open, you have bought whatever you can

HERE, JOHN MINTON, at 32 the Royal College of Arts' youngest teacher, a brilliant exhibitioner in London and New York, and one of our most sought-after magazine illustrators, explains how best to follow this good advice.



Mr. Churchill paints; Mrs. Churchill looks on

from the shopping list I am is draughtsmanship. The first drawing is the skeleton on which you can first stroke with the brush. Then brush the flesh of colour.

Well, don't. DON'T start with the canvas white as you buy it from the shop. White is the hardest tone of all. If you leave it white you can't see what value the other colours, have until the whole canvas is covered with paint.

Mix up some earth colour (such as burnt sienna) with turps in a weak solution, and paint the whole thing with this. It will take the hard brightness off. And it will get you used to the feel of a brush on canvas.

Now don't mess about in the coloured oils until you have drawn your landscape roughly in pencil or charcoal. The basis of all painting is the drawing.

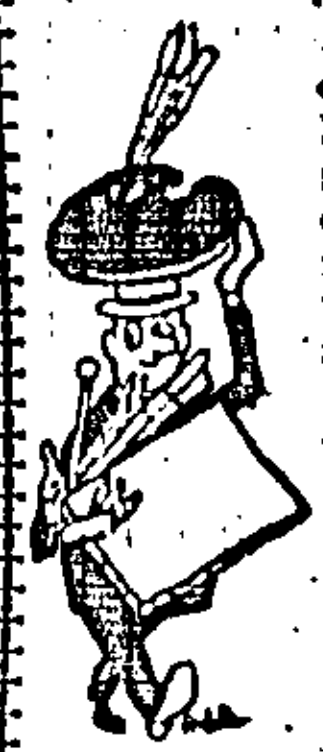
Jab, dab or scrape?

YOU are now ready to squeeze the paint out of the tube and on to the palette. Whether you use it neat or diluted with turps is up to you.

My advice is never to put the paint on too thickly; always leave the picture so that you can go on with it again later. You will find for yourself the best medium between paint which is too thick, and that which is too watery.

If you have ever seen an oil painter at work, you will probably have a vague recollection that he dabbed the paint on—or did he jab the canvas?—or did he scrape it on like wiping a knife on the edge of a plate?

What You Need For Your New Hobby



THIS hobby, like any other, needs an initial outlay of money. Buy a large wooden palette. Buy a set of No. 4; one of students' colours or de No. 6, and one of No. 8. These are not ground so finely as the artists' colours, and are ideal to start on. There will be white, crimson, vermilion, cobalt blue, prussian blue, yellow ochre, lemon yellow, burnt sienna brown, and the prices vary. You can mix up your own greens and purples and shades of colour.

DOs & DON'Ts

- DON'T paint from imagination—paint from nature. Never paint "out of your head." Dryden put it pithily: "Art may err, but nature cannot miss."
- DON'T paint self-consciously beautiful things like statues or Old World scenes. Be original.
- DO choose interesting subjects. By these, I mean things that are functional, that have a definite use. A house, because it is lived in; a boat, because men sail it and live by it.
- DON'T be afraid. Have courage. There is no mystery about painting. It is just a job that must be mastered, like any other. It is a practical job. Set about it in a practical way. Have method.
- DO use a large palette, and buy a wooden one. Plastic ones are not so good for amateurs. Have a definite arrangement for laying your paints out near you: the blues in one place, the reds in another. And always stick to this arrangement.
- DON'T be mean when you start to paint—squeeze out a good dollop of colour from the tube. Nothing is so irritating to the artist as having to mix up more colour when he wants to be driving ahead.
- DO buy an easel. Some people do without, and others make their own. Neither way is satisfactory. You can't do good work without the proper tools for it.
- DON'T be put off by onlookers. ("We older hands try to paint with our backs against a wall. Then no one can look over our shoulders.")

Remember this is to be YOUR picture. Paint the scene as you see it—not as the man next door sees it. Let him paint it that way if he wants to.

That is as personal a thing as a man's handwriting. So suit yourself.

Start freely with your colour. Don't do the detail work right away. Paint over the main outlines roughly, in the positions they will have in the final picture.

Rough it in

If you have, say, a house or a tree in your landscape, rough them in first. Don't start off with a lot of minute window frames or the delicate patterns of the leaves.

Let the picture build up gradually, a whole. The final touches will come naturally.

"Painting As A Pastime" (Odhams and Benn), 10s. 6d.

(London Express Service)

UNITED NATIONS MAY TAKE OVER SUEZ

By L.W. PHELPS-ORION

WILL the United Nations shortly take over the Suez Canal, vital trade-line to thousands of Hongkong business men? That is a new solution offered to counter-influence Egypt's recent attempts to annul the 14-year-old Anglo-Egyptian Treaty.

Expert opinion in London still stands in favour of the United Nations, believes that United Nations wardenship of the area will eventually provide the most acceptable outcome of a dozen looming problems.

Nearly one-fourth of all the ships passing through the 106-mile waterway are now American-owned, and it is suggested that American naval protection, British air and military strength and United Nations diplomatic status offer a tie-up to counter recent Egyptian detentions of cargo and the Egyptian ban on the passage of crude oil.

There was a sensation in Port Said when U.S. naval units passed through the canal en route to manoeuvres in the Mediterranean.

Britain still stands astride Suez. Yet the chief landmarks of British prestige—RAF runways brandishing the desert with concrete at Abbasia and El Kantara—are increasingly used by American planes. By consent of the nations, it is the "ditch of destiny," Britain assumed defence of a ditch with a question mark.

the canal zone after World War I. Under the 1936 treaty, her existing status was not due to be examined till 1956. Today, however, there is already a nip of disruptive challenge in the Suez air.

Let us examine the faithful implications. In 1936, Britain recognised Egypt's sovereignty in dependence, and undertook to evacuate the Suez zone except for a prescribed maximum of 10,000 troops and 200 planes, subject to reinforcement in time of war. In 1956, the necessity of a British force in the canal zone was to be examined by the League of Nations or some other body, provided the Egyptian Army should be competent to take over.

Much water has flowed past Suez since the treaty was signed. The increasing appearance of southbound Soviet ships has caused a stir. Protected by Britain, administered by France and situated in Egyptian territory, the Canal flanks the elements of the eternal triangle. At the same time the international significance of the Suez zone constantly shrinks.

Napoleon considered it a gateway to world domination sixty years before the Canal was even built. In both ways Germans regarded Suez as a vital spot from which England could be mortally wounded. Today, Suez is undeniably one of the globe's most vulnerable targets in atom warfare, and another prop is knocked from Suez prestige.

What of the remaining 56 Nations which hold the United Nations? Will they shortly be confronted with the strange fact that no one knows with certainty who really owns the Canal. There exists no undisturbed list of actual shareholders, shorn of nominees and other disparities.

The shares are bearer script, transferable to any nominee. Both Paris and Wall Street dealings in shares suggest that America may already have a large holding, strong enough to also flourish on the Bourse that shares to recoup her in dividends of the dues exacted from the Soviet shipping.

The growing support for the proposal that U.N. should take over the Canal and run it as a non-profit enterprise for the benefit of the world has one rival alternative. There is a plan backed by American oil interests for a bypass canal, wider, deeper and more modern than Suez, to be cut direct from the Mediterranean alongside the Palestine verge to the Gulf of Akaba. This project could be completed within four years at a cost little more than the actual toll extracted in canal dues over this period.

Egypt is thus faced with the stark choice of Suez may become obsolete and fall into comparative disuse before the 10 years expire. Forty-five feet deep and 210 feet wide, the Canal cannot be navigated by 1950's larger liners and battleships. Even the passage of 20,000-tonners is ensured only by constant dredging.

To add to the complications of the Suez problem, Britain holds 44 percent of the shares in the Suez Canal Company, the concern actually managing the Canal as a business enterprise. There remains a possibility Britain may turn over this holding worth £100,000,000, to the United States as a part repayment of war loans and Marshall Aid. The firm loan repayments fall due next year.

Again, despite its 44 percent holding, the British Government ranks as only one shareholder and is entitled to only 10 votes, out of many hundreds, when matters of policy are voted on. On the board of directors there are 10 French seats, 10 British, two Egyptian, and one Dutch.

Summing up the varied possibilities of a Suez new deal, the territorial owners of the Canal face a dilemma. When the Egyptian Government approved a proposed 32-year extension of existing concessions, ensuring a higher proportion of profits for Egypt, the General Assembly out-voted the plan.

With the blueprints of an alternative rival Canal in the background, a £30,000,000 loan has been discussed in Paris and Washington, discussed and dropped. France has hinted at a renewed French-Egyptian concession with split profits, but might have to turn to the U.S.A. for fresh money.

The fate of Suez, bristling with complications, is the current riddle of the Sphinx.

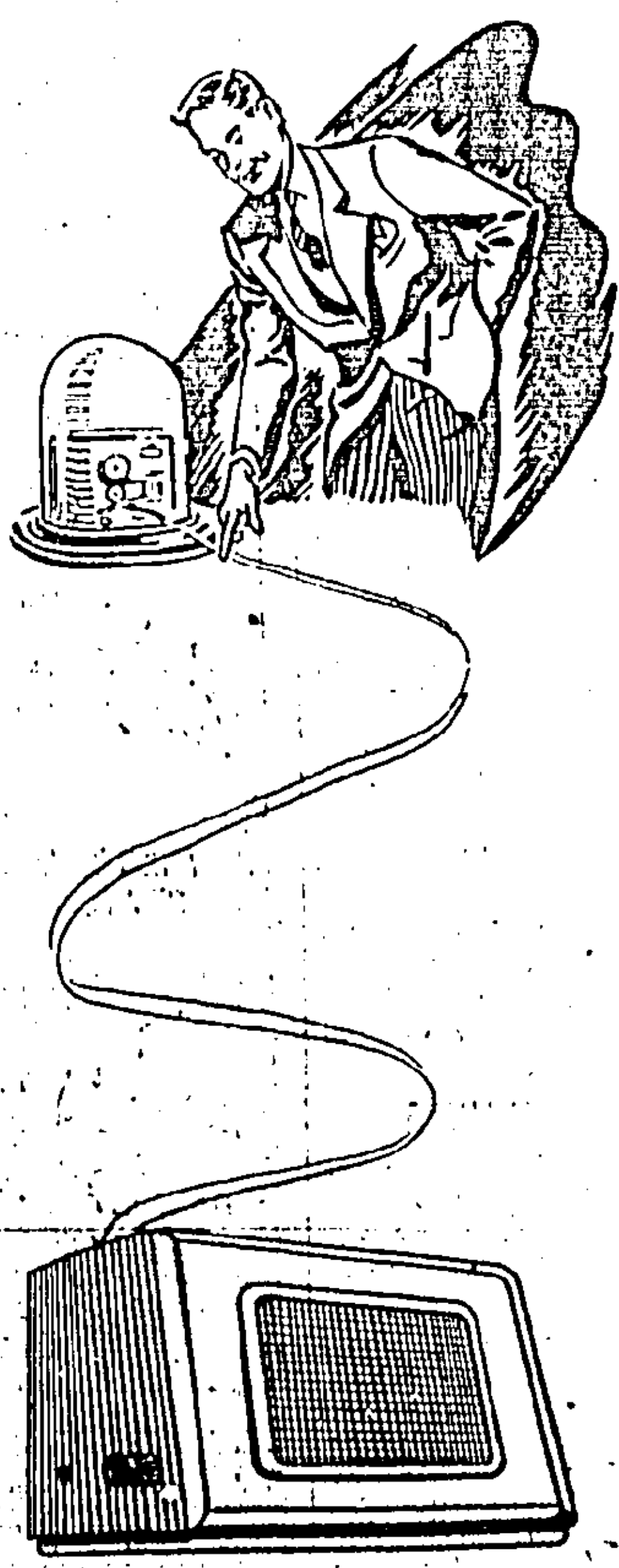
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THE General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Mansorgh, chatting to naval ratings at the opening of the new Services Club sponsored by NAAFI, a commodious and comfortable rendezvous situated on Chatham Road, Kowloon. Right: Self-service from the counter. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR J. H. Ruttonjee seen on the left distributing prizes at St Stephen's College last Saturday. Above are the successful graduates who received their certificates. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PHOTOGRAPHED outside the Registry last Saturday after their wedding: Squadron Leader Charles Gooffroy White and the former Miss Diane Jeanette Losoby. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE annual Congregation of the University of Hongkong, when degrees were conferred on graduates, took place last week. Here are pictures of the graduates of the different faculties. Above left: Bachelors of Science in Engineering. Above right: Bachelors of Science. Lower left: Bachelors of Medicine and Bachelors of Surgery. Lower right: Bachelors of Art. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: At the coming-of-age party for Sgt. Frank Smith, RAPC (extreme left), held at the Toc H Hostel on July 4.



GROUP photograph of the staff of the Rating and Valuation Department taken on the occasion of a presentation made to the retiring Commissioner, Mr Julius Ring, seated in centre. (Ming Yuen)

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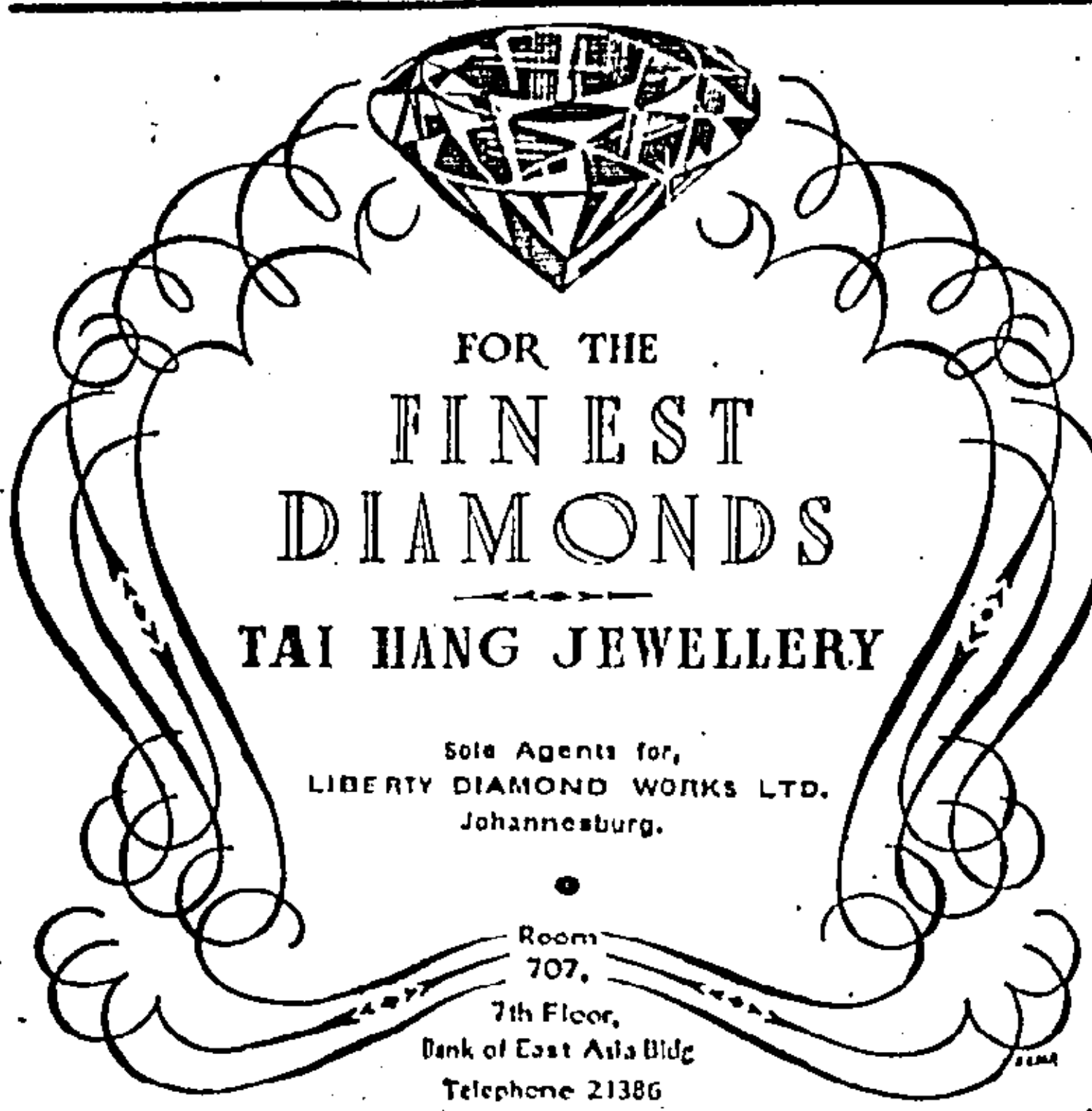
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AUGUST-6

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Evening Enchantment



ELEGANCE is here interpreted (picture at left) by
Mattli in this sleek black rayon velvet gown. The
slender line is lightened with a lace yoke and
graduated insets of lace in the skirt.

THIS ENCHANTING evening gown (picture at
right) by Michael Sherard is made in a new celanese
rayon brocade with a woven Mimosa design in
yellow and black on silver-grey satin. Elaborate
frilling stresses the side-ways line of this dress,
which lifts to one side to add interest to the skirt
at floor length.

Be ready for that sunshine

By Helen Follett

HAVE you fortified yourself against the ravages of
Mr. Mister Sol by getting your sun tan oil? Whether
or not you intend to get yourself well-toasted, you should
use it. It is nice to be a sun worshipper, to enjoy the
highly energy-giving rays, but it is no fun getting a
leathery-looking face. And how terrible it is in the
autumn season when that golden glow goes piebald! Have a weather eye on the future.

One summer of drastic exposure can add five years to the
calendar age of your complexion, so take no chances. The idea
is to take your sunlight in small doses so your skin won't get
red. Sunburn, like any other burn, can be extremely painful,
may lead to infections. If the skin surface is oiled, the lubricant
will keep your face from getting broiled. Nearly everyone is
more sensitive to sunlight right under the eyes, where the cheek
begins to get full, so use your oil or cream lavishly over those
areas.

Blondes are more susceptible to sunburn than are brunettes
because, as a rule, their skins are thin and delicate, of fine
texture. Redheads, also are in this class.
You run less risk of getting sun-scorched when you exer-
cise in the sun than when sitting idly on the beach. Sweat and
oil glands are busy sending off their exudations that serve as a
protective element. If you are a mermaid, enjoy swimming
during the sunny season, apply a particularly heavy coating
of cream. Water acts like a mirror; the reflected rays of sun-
light are more powerful than the direct light itself.

When you come into the house after exposure to sunlight,
use a cream. It is bad policy to use soap and water on a skin
that is warm and glowing. The pores are relaxed by the heat
and an emollient will soothe them. If the redness persists stuff
on some borated talcum which can be removed in half an hour
or so with a thin oil.



Courtesy Fuller Brush-Daggett & Ramsdell

Avoid painful sunburn this summer by applying a
protective lotion before you go out on the beach or the
tennis court. Then tan gradually.

CUT!

An inch is coming off the
skirts, reports Eileen Ascroft

SHORTER skirts will be
seen this autumn. For
shapely young legs
they are perfect, for others
they are too revealing.

It is expected that Paris
autumn shows will have styles
just below the knee. Already
English suit manufacturers are
preparing for this by taking an
inch off their hemlines.
Autumn colours will be forest

green, black and stained-glass
reds.

The line remains slim-fitting
with concealed pleats for easy
movement; women want comfort
these days even above high
fashion.

Pointers for autumn suits
from current shows:
The "brancher" jacket with high
velvet revers and Edwardian
buttoning;
Suits with two jackets, one
short and fitted, one boxy;

Waistcoats teamed with suits;
Tweed suits with metallic
thread weaves and sequin
trims;

When stripes are used they
are horizontal—checks are all
shapes and sizes.

Buttons are unusual and
luxurious, of tortoiseshell and
mother-of-pearl edged with gold.
Others are made of benton cop-
per, pewter chain, and silver
ormolu work seen on 18th cen-
tury furniture.

BEAUTY
BUREAU

The girl who is proud of her
teeth uses a cosmetic toothpaste,
which colours the gums pink,
making the teeth look whiter.
The same firm now makes
peppermint and spearmint-
flavoured toothpaste and a new
green paste flavoured with
creme de menthe.

The girl who is proud of her
skin banishes large pores with
special pore grains and pore
paste.

The girl who is proud of her
hands, yet has to do housework,
will like a new dishcloth which
removes grease like lightning
and absorbs neither smells nor
grease. It can also be used for
cleaning paint or car washing.
To clean it, you just rinse it
under a tap.

TO tan or not to tan is a
question of taste. To
prevent tanning entirely, use
sun lotion lavishly; if you still
want to look tanned on the
beach, and yet stay white for
evening, use beach tan founda-
tion, which will even stand up
to sea bathing.

If you want to tan palely,
use sun tan oil all over your
body, or sunscreen lotion, either
tinted or invisible.

RIBBON
DEVELOPMENT

With the
best ribbon
selected in
the shops for
years, much
can be done
to freshen
too familiar
clothes. Lat-
est ideas from
Paris include
an out-size
bow in can-
died taffeta
(right) to pin
on the shoul-
der or at the
waist of a plain
costume.
Floor-length
heavy moire
bands can
dress up an
office frock in
a matter of
minutes
(left).

DOUBLE-DUTY
DIAMONDS

DIAMONDS are replacing
pearls in popularity. Diamond
stars appear in morning suit
lappets, afternoon frocks and
glitter in the hair by night.

But even diamonds these days
must be practical. Many of the
modern pieces have several uses.
Tiaras, which are coming back
into fashion for grand occasions,
divide to form dress clips and
brooches. Earrings can be
adapted for day wear or have
chandelier tassels added for
evenings.

The Queen has had many
pieces of her jewellery adapted
for several purposes wear. One
beautiful crown-cum-diamond
entirely of diamonds, including
the famous Koh-i-noor and the
second and third Stars of Africa,
converts from a blazing crown
to an elegant open diadem. The
Koh-i-noor itself is fitted so
that it can be removed and
worn as a brooch.



London Mirror Service

(London Express Service)

There's A
'Colour-Casting'
Technique

COLOUR-Casting in the
cosmetic sphere is
divided into two categories—
Background Make-up and
Accent Make-up. Back-
ground make-up is founda-
tion and face powder.
Accent make-up is lipstick,
eye-make-up, rouge and
nail enamel.

The background make-up of
foundation and powder should
be determined by two things—
your skin tones and the colour
of your costume.

Skin tones are of two basic
types, sallow and florid. It's
simple enough to determine
your type since the "sallow"
implies a skin with too much
yellow and the "florid" a skin
that has too much pink pig-
mentation, giving a flushed
look to the face.

To counteract the sallow look,
the Colour Casting Chart calls
for foundation and face pow-
der on the rosier tone to com-
pensate for the lack of natural
pink in the skin.

To offset the natural florid
skin one chooses a cool, crum-
bler hue of background make-
up.

COSTUME COLOUR

And now we come to the
second problem—the colour of
the costume. Certain costume
colours have a tendency to throw
off colour on the skin. Certain
shades of yellow and red, in
particular, have this tendency.
To counteract it, wear a shade
of make-up with more rose in
it when wearing yellow, and a
shade of make-up with a
greenish cooler hue when
wearing red.

And now we come to accent
make-up, which is determined
by costume, complexion, a sea-
son of the year, and time of
day.

With neutral costume colours
such as black, white, gray, and
beige the choice is just a mat-
ter of personal preference—
unless a bright colour is intro-
duced as an accessory—when
your lipstick and nail enamel
must harmonize with the
strongest colour in your cos-
tume.

COMPLEXION FACTOR

Accent make-up is selected
accordingly with the complex-
ion in mind. After you have
selected the tone (blue, orange,
clear red) that will most ef-
fectively complement your cos-
tume, then thought should be
given to the value of depth that
is most becoming to you. A
dark brunette with vivid colour-
ing would wear a more intense
shade of the same tone that a
blonde would select, if they
were both wearing the same
costume.

The season of the year is im-
portant, for in winter you
should compensate for the lack
of light by wearing richer,
deeper and usually bluer shades.
With summer sunshine and
light costumes, the lighter,
clearer reds and sunny shades
are more effective.

TIME IMPORTANT

The time of day is important
too. Day and sunlight intensify
the blue so true reds or slightly
orange reds are best.

A red or yellow-red lip-
stick will wash out in the
evening because of the yellow
lights and appear sickly col-
our on the nails and lips.

SPORTS SPOTLIGHT

In-betweens

SLACKS and shorts in the
usual lengths are no longer
fashionable. Women are wear-
ing in-between lengths.

Slacks and jeans can be al-
tered easily to fall in with
these new styles.

Brief shorts, with cuffed
turn-ups, are first fashion choice
for the beach, but vary the
length according to your figure.
Wears brief shorts only if
your legs are straight, well
covered, and a good shape.

Bermuda-length shorts fitting
just above the knee are newest
and good to wear if your hips
are wide or your upper leg is
heavy.
Wear your shorts just below
the knees if you are shy of
displaying them. (Shorten a
pair of jeans to this new
length.)

If your legs are not straight,
wear long jeans fitting just
above the ankles.
Calf-length jeans should taper
narrowly at the bottom, like
lodhpurs.

Autumn thoughts

FASHION pointers for the
autumn:
Fur coats are being shown
with bat-wing sleeves. The new-
est fur stoles have small sleeves.
Soft fabrics are more popular
for cocktail dresses than last
year's stiff brocades, and pure
gold lames are being tailored
for early evening dresses.
Double-breasted reefer jackets
in yachting blue are being worn
with pencil skirts and children's
pevy blue bands.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

KEY TO THE BEDROOM . . .

MARGARET LEIGHTON, against the elegant background of her leisure hours, poses for this John French picture



Revealing a work-bench dressing table . . . gentle lights

★ IN HER BEDROOM with a country view, actress Margaret Leighton has fashioned herself a dressing-table that is twice as long as most.

What makes this the most elegant work-bench ever? Said Miss Leighton: "It's quite a simple idea. The top is a long wooden plank painted white and covered with glass. Drawers and legs are hidden under white brocade curtains—perfect for the country, but I have a feeling it would need a lot more washing in town."

The all-white trestle stretches the length of the wide window at Sand Barns, Ripley, near Woking, and takes everything a dressing-table should.

Venetian Touch

There is a table mirror with a carved frame ("I had that painted white to match the rest") . . . a shallow bowl of flowers to make a pretty reflection in the mirror . . . a collection of thin gold and glass Venetian scent bottles ("My husband and I bought those at an auction sale miles away from Venice") . . . a lamp with a Chinese vase base big and bright enough to make-up by.

The curtaining at the end of the window makes a brilliant chintz-on-white-twill background.

Miss Leighton, star of "The Cocktail-Party," poses in a dress to suit the room. The silk jersey material is of palest grey—the main colour of the room.

Another of her furnishing finds—a screen—is seen in the top picture. "It didn't look at all like that when my husband and I first saw it at a sale. We covered the panels with material to match the curtains, put some new glass in the small panes, and painted the woodwork white."

The hanging light, shaped like a birthday cake, in the second picture is covered with white brocade anglaise. "We hate a glaring centre light, but we do like to be able to see. The piece stretched over the bottom big standard lamp. The shelf round the legs. 'I'm always meaning to put curtains in a good compromise, and makes for a soft base saves having an extra table for the round the front to hide those pipes—but I light."



PICTURES BY JOHN FRENCH.

By the double bed covered in grey linen. Notice the corner of a wash basin fitted with a white frill round the bottom stands on a white-wood table with well-shaped legs. The piece stretched over the bottom big standard lamp. The shelf round the legs. "I'm always meaning to put curtains in a good compromise, and makes for a soft base saves having an extra table for the round the front to hide those pipes—but I light."

Just why can't you sleep?

ALTHOUGH the most natural thing in the world, sleep still remains something of a mystery. All medical men are familiar with the various bodily changes, such as a decrease in the rapidity of the heart beat and a lowering blood pressure, which occur during sleep, yet its true nature and its exact mechanism have never been fully explained.

In a practical way, however, we know a good deal as, for instance, that different people need different amounts of sleep, and that these requirements tend to grow less as the individual grows older.

We scarcely need a demonstration to prove that continued lack of sleep is harmful, producing such serious symptoms as unsteadiness, loss of muscular strength, fatigue and, finally, exhaustion. Thus, the person who fails to sleep at night and night-out needs attention.

The ordinary victim of insomnia is unable to sleep because he cannot get rid of conscious thought when he goes to bed. He continues to turn over in his mind the events of the day, and, as a result, the brain cells remain active and sleep does not occur.

All people seem to suffer from this state of affairs at one time or another, but some individuals seem more likely to

dividuals seem more likely to develop it than others. Some persons attempt the process of counting sheep jumping over a fence as a means of falling asleep, and this may sometimes be helpful because it seems to suppress brain activity. Reading a dull book may have the same effect. Taking a hot drink may produce a sense of contentment and help to quiet over-

active mental processes. Drugs, particularly the barbiturates, bromides, and alcohol also have a direct action in suppressing brain activity, and may have some usefulness in temporarily overcoming sleeplessness. Drugs which act over a long period of time usually are not necessary. Once the patient

is asleep, he is unlikely to awaken until he has had some rest. Properly employed, there is no danger of addiction to any of these drugs. If the proper drugs are selected and given in the right doses, they are entirely out of the system by the time the patient awakens in the morning. It, on the other hand, the patient worries about taking the drugs, they may lose their desired effect.

Many patients are sleepless because they are worried or have some sort of anxiety. Sleep may be impossible in such cases until the cause of the anxiety is removed, although, in these cases, also, the proper habituate may be helpful. Of course, anything of this kind must be used only on a physician's prescription.

Learn How To Sew:

Today we present the first of a series of articles on practical home sewing which will appear daily on our Womansense page.

Your Sewing Scrapbook

by Mary Brooks Picken



Terry Poncho for the Beach

THIS makes a practical poncho to wear over a bathing suit since it gives protection from sun and can be used as a towel afterwards.

Take 2 medium-weight terry cloth towels 20" x 40". Cut one towel in half crosswise to use for front and back section. At centre side of second towel, as at A, make a slash in half the width, then cut each side of this slash in 2", as at B and C. This is for the neck opening. Turn slashed part back 2". Turn raw edges in and stitch along edges as shown. Make narrow hem across the line D to finish back neckline.

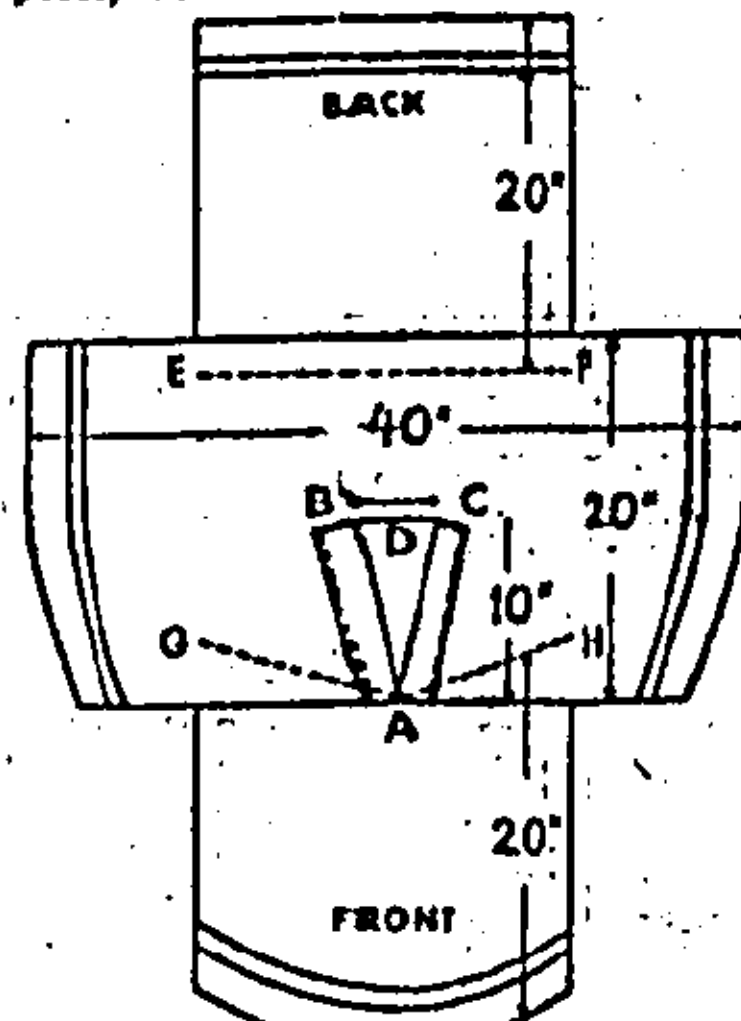
Take the towel that you cut in half and centre one cut edge 2" from back edge of shoulder piece, as at E and F. Stitch.



Put poncho on, bring front neckline edges together to make a V, as at A. Pin the second half-towel to front of shoulder piece, stitch line G to H as shown. The size of the bust will influence slant of front stitching line G-H.

Buy one yard of heavy cord to use around waist. Cut in half. Tie knot in one end of each piece. Sew other ends of cord pieces to each side of back section, at waistline. Stitch across cord ends a couple of times by machine or whip to place by hand. When poncho is on, bring cord ends to front and tie as shown.

Many will find this ideal to wear when shampooing their hair. A thoughtful gift for someone going on vacation.



Monday: A Circular Skirt



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PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post and Hong-Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

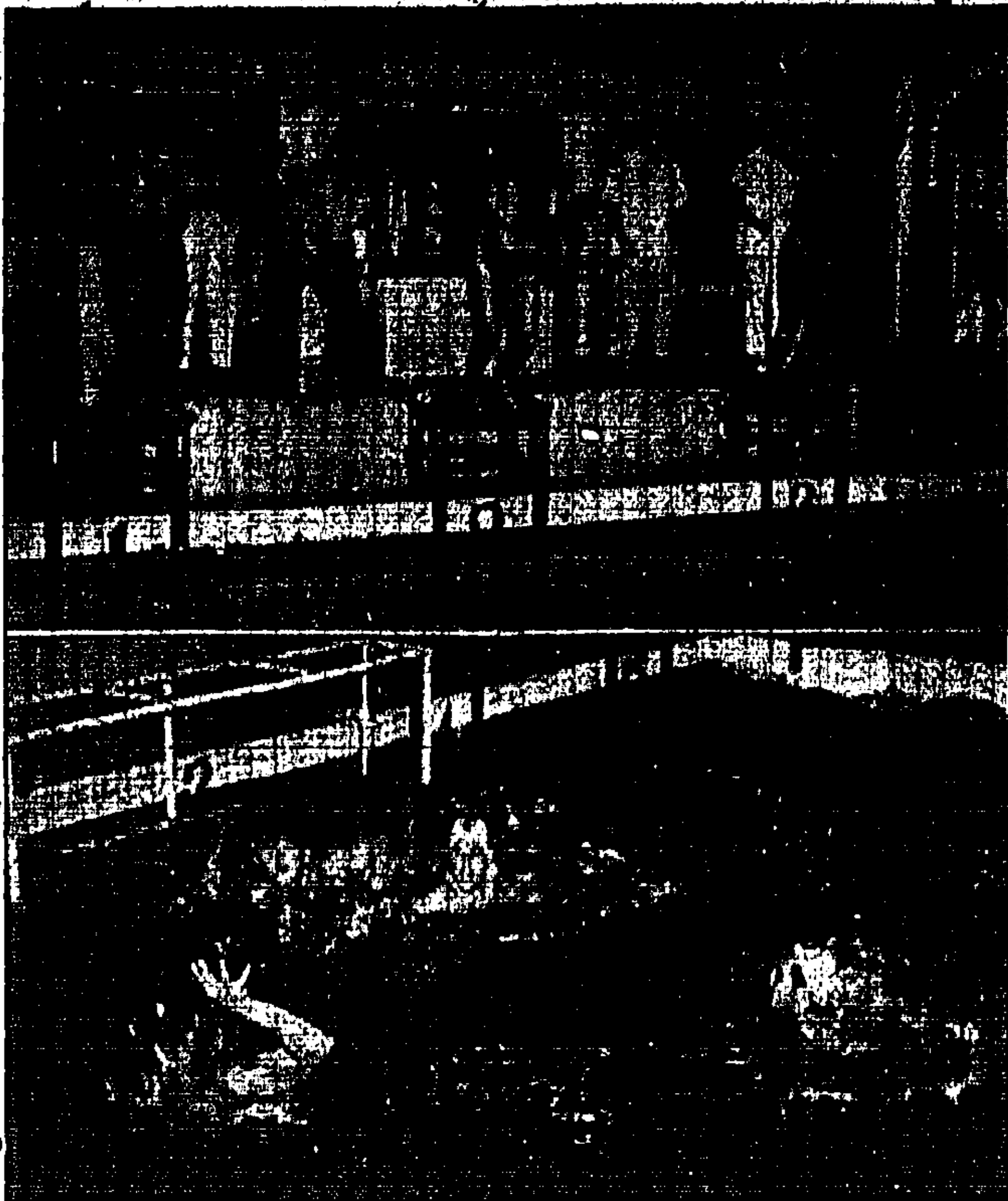
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SCENES at the season's opening swimming gala at the Victoria Recreation Club last Saturday, when the new Fortuna Club were victors of the evening. Above are four Fortuna stars: from left — Tsui Hang, Cheung Kin-man, Cheung Chung-yuo and William Teo. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken on the occasion of a dinner given by the Committee of the Po Leung Kuk in honour of Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, the Hon. M. W. Lo, Mr Tang Shiu-kin, Mr Chung King-pui, Mr Ma Tsui-chiu and Mr Kwok Chan, all recipients of honours recently. (Francis Wu)



PICTURE taken at the christening of Pamela Graco, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs A. C. Maxwell, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



AFTER the christening of Brian Cedric, son of Mr and Mrs Kenneth W. Cotton, which took place last Sunday at St Joseph's Church. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE taken at the birthday party for Mary Anne (centre), daughter of Inspector and Mrs H. J. Terrett. Mary Anne was one year old on July 5. (Ming Yuen)



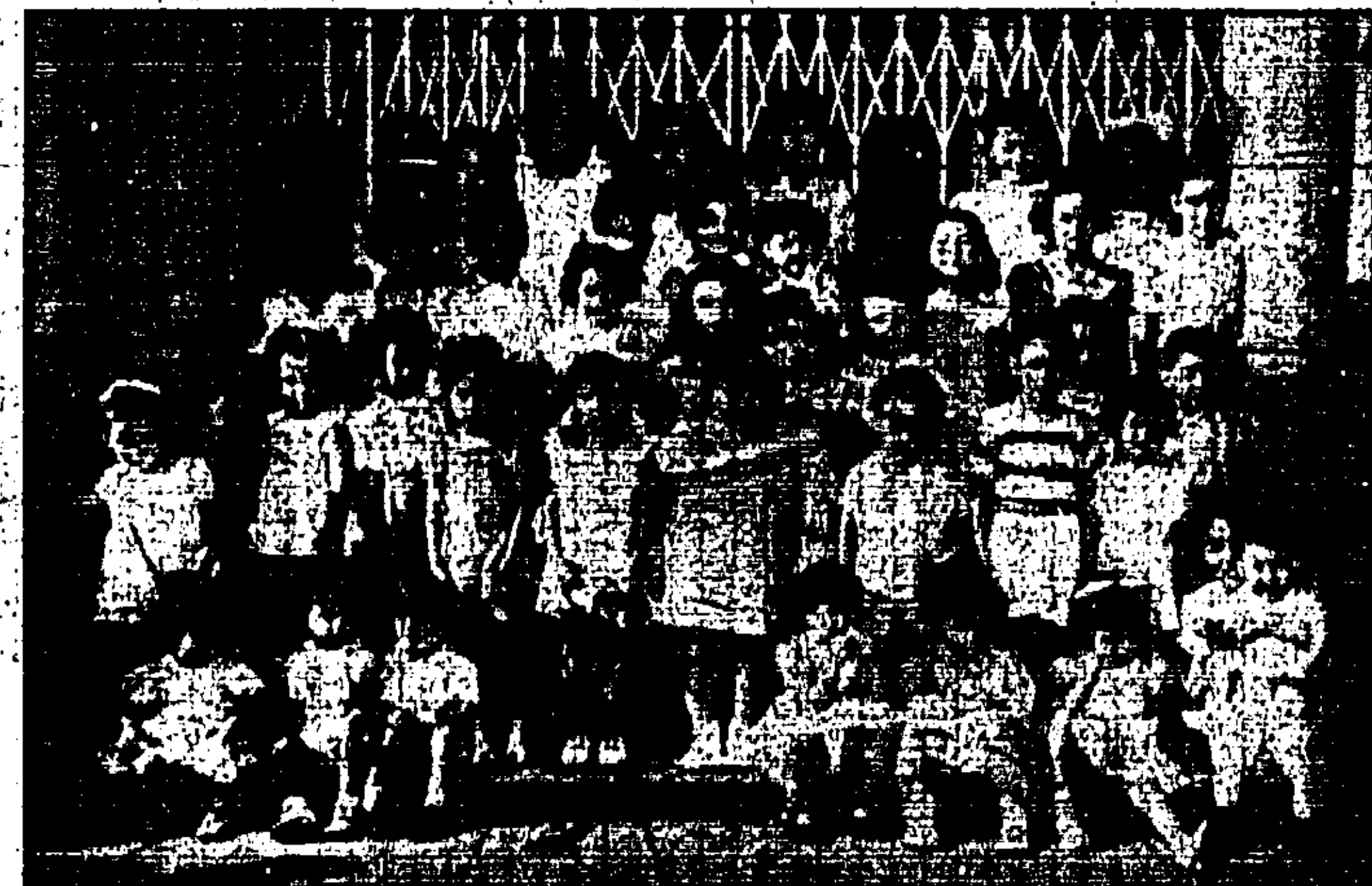
MR Henry Leung and his bride, the former Miss Fanny Lo, after their wedding at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last week. (Ming Yuen)



MESSRS N. Brophy, F. W. Dalloy and J. R. Krane, delegates of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, at a press conference at Kai Tak airport on Monday when they passed through Hong-kong by plane on their way to Japan. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



AFTER being knocked down by AB Moore, Ho Yat-sun ponders over his chances. Moore was given the k.o. decision. Above was one of the events on the charity boxing card at Carolina Hill last week. Below: Henry Wong, who lost on points, dodges a right from Ramsey Bucks. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



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Q.E.A.



FRIENDS of little Christine Ribeiro who attended her sixth birthday party on Monday. Christine is the daughter of Dr and Mrs G. A. V. Ribeiro. (Ming Yuen)

LEFT: Dinner party given in honour of Mr H. H. Horta (sixth from left), President of Muller and Phipps (Asia) Ltd. and Dayton, Price and Co., Ltd., on his recent visit to the Colony. (Mee Cheung)

Shoe Craftsmanship

A TRIO OF SMART TOWN SHOES OF DISTINCTION...

SAXONE... Smart Town Oxfords. In Brown or Black Neatly Punched Toe Cap. Light Sole. Sizes 9-12. \$70.00

SOEASY... Tan Willow Calf Oxfords. Medium Toe. Punched Cap. Medium Weight. Sizes 5-11. \$42.50

SAXONE... Medium Weight Town Shoe Punched Caps. Blind Eyelets. Slightly Broader Toe. Sizes 5-11 1/2. \$70.00

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PHONEY PEACE PARADE

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Why America must not fail

by JOHN GORDON

OBVIOUSLY it is too early to estimate with any certainty whether the spark in Korea has lit a world conflagration. But I should think it unlikely.

Much depends, of course, on the swing of the battle. If Southern Korea should be completely overrun by the northern invaders (the task of America (and the United Nations) will be enormously heavier.

But, having accepted the challenge, America must achieve victory whatever the cost. If she did not, her prestige—and ours—across Asia and the Pacific would be shattered.

suffering, is in no mood for retreat.

If her satellite in Korea gets a punch on the nose and Russia decides to accept the situation, she will merely transfer her sabotage campaign and subversive activities elsewhere and avoid open war.

She will keep one trouble spot after another round her perimeter bubbling and boiling.

That has been her policy ever since the world war ended. It has paid her ample dividends.

And she will continue it until the Communist revolution succeeds or collapses.

Our Need

Risk Too Great?

RUSSIA, on the other hand, if she decides not to emerge from the shadows into the open war, can accept the check, as she accepted the check imposed by the Berlin air-lift. It seems most likely that she will.

Some say that the swift reaction of America must have surprised and dumfounded her. I doubt that. It must always have been in her calculations.

More likely she was anxious to learn for future guidance just how far she could go. Having learned, she will know better how to play the next cards.

It seems improbable that she desires to become involved in open war. At least, not yet. Open war, which she knows means war to the death, is too great a risk. I do not think she is prepared to put her destiny to that gamble.

The Red Pot

UNTIL the last shot is fired in Korea there must be moments of high tension. We should be on our guard lest we make recurring crises more acute by loud and wild war talk.

But at least we should remember two facts. Communism is a revolution. Revolutions cannot stand still. They must either go forward or back.

And Communism, even with all the checks it is now

The plain fact is that we have put ourselves in a difficult situation by persistently neglecting to build up the strength of Britain and the Commonwealth as a separate and, maybe, at some stage, a decisive force between the two Powers dominating the East and the West.

In any conflict we must align ourselves with the West. There is no alternative open to us. But it will be bad for the world and disastrous for us if we ever lose our independence of judgment and action when crisis develops. And we are moving that way.

We should see ourselves as the balancing Power, strong enough to be the decisive factor between peace and war at any moment of grave tension. And in the end the solid bridge between the erupting continents.

So, never failing to build our strength, we should at the same time put foremost among our policies the regaining of that wise state-manship which for so many centuries gave us the leadership of the world.

The first obvious step is to take the control of foreign policy out of the hands of a Secretary of State whom failing health confines almost perpetually to a hospital bed.

(London Express Service)

And so life starts again for Tony...

WHEN 17-year-old boy seaman TONY POTTER fell wounded on the deck of H.M. sloop Black Swan in the Yangtze River just over a year ago, it seemed that worthwhile life had ended for him.

Shell-splinters from a Chinese Communist shore battery had severed his spinal cord. On regaining consciousness he learned he would be permanently paralysed from the waist down. "A paraplegic," doctors called him.

Ill as Tony was then it took him six months to earn the full horror of what being a paraplegic may mean.

Though he could never move his legs at will, they were continually jerking in violent spasms which stopped him sleeping. Terrible wounds developed wherever his body pressed on those areas of skin no longer properly supplied with nerves.

He became as emaciated as the worst Belsen victims.

CONGA DOES IT

YET, when I saw him recently in Stoke Mandeville (Bucks) Hospital, he

was working cheerfully at a carpenter's bench and looking forward to walking into his Birmingham home.

The doctor into whose care Tony was transferred has devised an astonishingly successful system for restoring people with severe spinal injuries to near-normal life.

He gets them to walk by teaching them the hip-throwing steps of the conga. After months of practice this over-stressed muscular system is normally used for walking. So his patients eventually move about in a series of stiff-legged steps which give them enough independence to look after themselves.

This doctor, who has already rescued more than 400 men and women from what he calls "the human scrap-heap," is a lubby, chain-smoking, ex-German refugee called LUDWIG GUTTMANN.

HIS FIVE STAGES

BEFORE he went to Britain from Dresden's Jewish Hospital in 1939 he was already well known medically for his ingenious "hot-box," which enables doctors to determine the exact extent of a patient's paralysis.

(The patient lies in the hot-box with grey powder sprinkled over his naked body. When his heat is turned on those parts of the skin still supplied with active nerves turn red as they moisten the dye. Areas where the glands are paralysed remain grey.)

But it is through his Stoke Mandeville work on war victims, which he started for the Government six years ago,

that Dr Guttman has achieved international fame, bringing him invitations to teach his methods in France, Belgium, Holland, Israel, and South America.

His success with paralyzed people, rejected by other doctors as hopeless, springs from that typically German side of his character which demands meticulous attention to detail.

He treats the critically sick men and women now sent to him from hospitals throughout Britain in five stages:—

1 With blood transfusions and special feeding he gets them back into good physical shape. He heals pressure wounds by having his patients turned over every hour day and night for months. He gives them his own bubbling enthusiasm for life.

Then, by means of an alcohol injection treatment which he devised, he stops the uncontrollable muscle spasms. This enables the patients to sit up in wheel-chairs. Without it the spasms would throw them to the ground.

2 He strengthens their muscles by exercise on a tandem bicycle. The patients sit up in the tandem, with the feet strapped to one set of pedals. A patient can operate the machine by turning the other pedals with his hands.

Then Guttman shows them how to develop new muscles for balancing by exercising on a front of a mirror. After this they take up archery, wheel-chair, netball, and other outdoor games.

3 Next he shows them how to walk with the conga rhythm, first between parallel bars, then on sticks, finally with only the support of lightweight splints.

4 Instructors then teach every patient a trade. Tony is learning carpentry. Pretty 16-year-old Marie, who is partly recovering the use of her legs seven years after her spine was injured by a bomb, is taking up engraving.

Formerly unskilled labourers have become draughtsmen. Others have developed into expert clock-makers. Some have studied law, learned languages.

5 Finally the doctor finds them jobs. Two out of every three patients he has treated are in full-time work. Many of them are supporting families.

THEY MARRY....

SOME have even found wives through their infirmity—they married their nurses. Guttman's grey eyes shone behind his rimless glasses when he showed me the wedding picture of the nurse he "gave away" as bride to a paralyzed Army officer.

Rightly, the doctor gives much of the credit for his successes to the patients themselves. His treatment cannot be effective unless a patient makes and sustains a tremendous effort of will.

But without Guttman's ingenuity and persistence Tony Potter and the 100 other "hot-box" patients I saw at Stoke Mandeville would still be help-

(London Express Service)

WHAT'S GOING ON

by EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

LONDON. DANCING highlight of the 1950 season comes when about 1,000 guests go to Buckingham Palace for an "evening party."

It is a less formal affair than the full state Court Balls of former days. Many young people are invited, as well as the Diplomatic Corps, Government and Opposition leaders, and other distinguished persons.

Last year the King and Queen danced with their guests till 4 o'clock.

But many older people left around midnight for the King has relaxed the old rule which decreed that no one should leave before the Sovereign had retired.

It is a brilliant scene. All the men (except in the past, Mr. Aneurin Bevan) wear full evening dress, spangled with stars, sashes, and medals. And most women buy new frocks; family tiaras and heirlooms come out of their strong boxes for the night.

Who on these occasions wears the most magnificent jewellery? I am told that the Duchess of Buccleuch takes the prize for the older generation, the Duchess of Rutland for the younger.

Well served

DINING in a Soho restaurant one night, I came across more tennis champions than I have ever seen in one spot, outside Wimbledon.

American stars Louise Brough and Margaret du Pont, Mr. Kenesly Mountain and Kay Tuckey, Tony Mottram and his wife were at another table. Before I had finished my meal Doris Hart, Pat Todd, and Erle Sturgess had joined the throng.

This was too much for coincidence.

The root of the matter goes back 25 years, when Turn-born Alberto Persone was head waiter of the old Embassy Club. Among his distinguished clientele, which included the Duke of Windsor and the late Duke of Kent, were many sportsmen. Tennis champions Sir Alfred Sharpe and Richard Ritchie (now secretary of Queen's Club) often went there as guests.

Then Persone opened a restaurant of his own, Sharpe and Ritchie were among the first of his customers, and took along their Wimbledon friends.

Thus it is that, every summer, the world's most famous tennis players flock to a little restaurant in Soho.

Early birds

LONDON'S SCIENCE MUSEUM has a new and exciting display, an exhibition of flying machines, from gas balloon to supersonic jet. Surely the men who devised and flew the early relics must be as defunct as the cave men? Not so. They are wearing well.

First—Lord Brabazon of Tara. There is nothing of the



THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND

Ancient Britain about him. As he talked to me in his Berkeley Square office, it was hard to believe that he was the man who, 42 years ago, ordered a tangle of wires, cane, and fabric to be put together in the form of a kite and won £1,000 by flying it in it over a circular course of one mile.

"A tricky plane to handle, that," he said, pointing to a photograph of himself at the controls. "And that pig sitting beside me—that was the first pig that ever went flying."

Taught Navy

AFTER Lord Brabazon, Sir Francis McClean, the father of naval aviation. He too started flying in 1908, ordered three of the first six Whitt machines built in this country and taught four naval officers to fly.

That cheerful old gentleman with whom I drank a glass of port in the old-fashioned dignity of a London club had forged the first link in a chain which led, at that very moment, to the China Seas, where an aircraft carrier steamed towards Korea with 32 jet fighters and light bombers aboard.

One more grand old man of aeronautics I spoke to that day—tail, spy Colonel Harry DeLacombe, who retired from the Royal Navy in 1902 and used to go ballooning in a top hat and frock coat.

When, in 1907, he joined The Times as first-ever air correspondent, his naval and military colleagues complained to the editor that he was "producing the Service" by attributing strategic importance to aerobatics.

Wrong turning

ARTISTS are expected to be impractical and unconventional. Royal Academicians made good use of this privilege when they held an evening reception.

The queue of arriving guests, tail-coated and evening gowned, twined interminably through the vaults. It even passed, on its wanderings, through the Ladies' Cloak Room.

I do not know whether Mr. Attlee, a guest of honour, underwent the full ordeal. When I saw him upstairs he looked like a man who has had an unhappy experience.

Perhaps he had merely caught sight, unexpectedly, of Dame Laura Knight's picture of Princess Elizabeth.

(London Express Service)



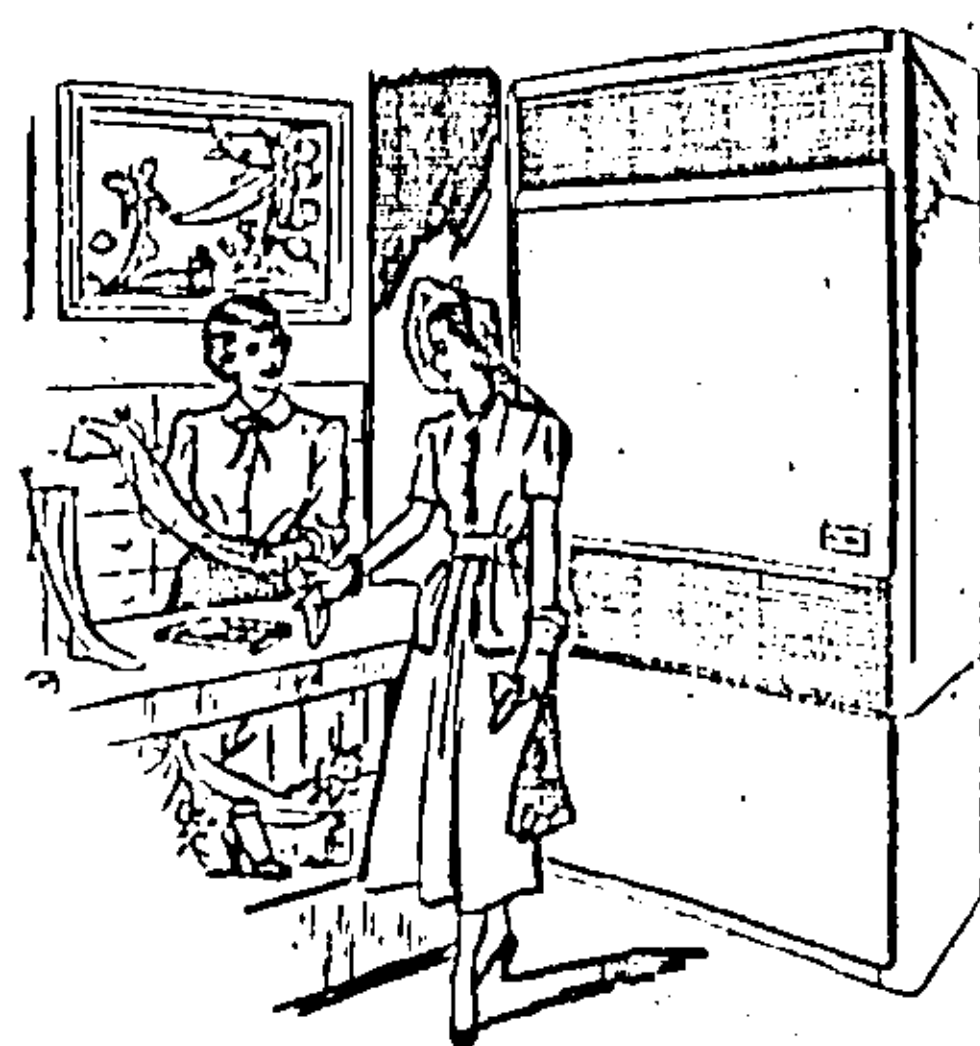
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Machines help with baby now

From HENRY LOWRIE

NEW YORK.

WHEN groups of British war brides flew home with their children from America it meant only a holiday for them.

But airline officials and architects saw so much more in their flight that they are designing new luxury airports.

First of them was opened in Baltimore.

Because of the tremendous increase in the number of baby passengers, it features a nursery with all sorts of machines. They will hand out new nappies, mix baby's food, replace lost or broken bottles, or sterilise the dirty ones.

There are private rooms for adults, who may have a shower and snatch 40 winks in bed between plane connections.

Business men have a conference room big enough to hold 75. They can even throw a party, have a full dinner, and let guests dance in an open-air theatre.

★

POLITICS: America's South, which does not like President Truman, has given him another rebuff. North Carolina nominated lawyer Willis Smith as candidate for the Senate. He campaigned as an opponent of Truman's "Fair Deal."

★ ★ ★

COMPETITION: New York, always jealous of London's claim to be the world's biggest city, is hoping to take away its title. Incomplete census figures published today show New York's population almost at 8,000,000. Greater London's is 6,300,011. And it is carefully pointed out that New York's area is only 359 square miles, against London's 693.

★ ★ ★

GLAMOUR: A chain of New York restaurants which has been steadily dropping business has started a beauty course for its waitresses, to bring back customers "and give them an appetite." Their biggest problem—core feet. Sada Beatrice Miller, professional beauty, hired to glamourise them: "At home, walk without shoes."

One more shrewd boy takes the lid off

TO all the hopefuls who will burden his Majesty's mails to London publishers with their "as yet unpublished work" a word: If you want to write a winner, lift the lid off something—politics, a profession, what you will. Show the cash customers what brews up underneath.

Dr Cronin used this infallible formula when he wrote hard words on Harley—street. So did Frederic Wakeman when performing a similar service for American advertising in "The Lucksters."

Sinclair Lewis gives his readers under-cover stuff about backward American politics; and the Inland Revenue here benefits richly by Nigel Balchin's knowledge of the back-room Ministry methods.

War, Norman Mailer turns round the other side of the medal in "The Naked and the Dead." And Tom Lea ("The Brave Bulls") scares you with the stomach-churning fear of the bullfighters in their sordid, sweaty world of blood and death, when the earth trembles with the roar of the crowd and the venom of the bulls.

FLUORESCENT...

THE obliging lid comes off again. Its lid is 37-year-old Jerome Weidman, a shrewdly sad American writer with a handful of shrewdly sad American novels behind him.

He writes in "THE PRICE IS RIGHT"—of the hard, fluorescent world of American news syndicates. These firms buy up the work of columnists, cartoonists, and others of the easy phrase, the polished pencil-stroke, and sell their work to newspapers and magazines from the Gulf to the Golden Gate.

Henry Cade, poised on the edge of 30, mildly unhappy in his second-drawer job at Vinaver and Jaxon, has lost Louise.

"The Price is Right" by Jerome Weidman (Hammond, Hammond and Co., Ltd., 10s. 6s.).



JEROME WEIDMAN

by JAMES LEASOR

the girl he wanted to marry, to his boss.

His fortunes (and his firm's) twist on the moods of their top strip-cartoonist, one Buzz Wappling. This artist slips out and dines up with their greatest rival. At V. and J.'s chaos and darkness reign and all is night. Then Cade manages to sign up an intellectual farmhand called Wally Pohl to produce a regular piece (called, naturally enough, "John's Aunt"). This is an open letter, we assure—Honest-Joe affair. It becomes a fabulous success.

RISE IN STAIR

CADE is anxious to wriggle into a top-drawer job, uses Pohl as a lever to propel himself up into a partnership. He fancies himself as the great executive, the rising star, the Man of Tomorrow.

Says Louise sadly: "You think what you're doing is easy. You think it's just a matter of getting tough and making people toe the line until they hand over what you want. . . . My God, but you'll learn."

Cade learns, Macbeth-like, too late. He has gambled his life, his friendships, his security, on this one smart move.

Then the incredible happens: Burman Wood moving to Dunstons; the two rival firms merge.

Cade dashes off into the country to see Pohl, to try to persuade him to expose the folly of a merger.

But Pohl (despite a smooth, green roadster, smart clothes and other pleasant wages of profitable sin) is still a countryman at heart. He is busy tending a sick bull. The animal forces him. He dies.

MORE than one man dies. The future for bright-boy Cade dies with him. Ahead lie the grey, hopeless years. Once more he is the hired hand, the man who couldn't quite. . . .

He talked slowly, keeping his head down, as though the only thing that mattered was to retrace his steps exactly as he had come, without leaving any further disfiguring marks in the road.

Author Weidman, a one-time lawyer, pegs out his plot with the precision of the prosecution putting its case. He does more than satirise. He offers in Cade, the frog who would be a business bull, an example for others moved by too much ambition.

And if these men do succeed what then?

"In that vast desert of sham on which they had risen to fame and fortune, they felt the need for an oasis of reality, a small place in which they could pause and relax for a while and allow their desiccated consciences to absorb the forgotten moisture of integrity."

IT'S A MARKET

WEIDMAN is no newcomer to the lid-lifting literary land. When he was only 27 he produced a polished and cynical novel about the rise of a polished and cynical operator in New York's clothing trade.

He followed this with another drapery exposé: "What's in it for me?"

What's in it for Weidman now is a second-hand successful anti-Mammon prophesy, who hate the system that provides them with conveniently rich things to hate.

Weidman, the American Norman Corwin, has his own cynical, clockwork philosophy. ("A man who slept with his secretary was in the same position as a man who built his house on a windy hill. If he decided later that he didn't like that much breeze, there was one thing he could do. He could go away from there.")

Or "It was impossible to tell her or anyone else that human beings were not like bookends, that even the best matched pairs could not experience identical emotions."

It is all here. The whispered office rumours, the telephones that ring but who's to answer, the little men in the big jobs and the big men in their shirt sleeves.

This is the market-place. On sale are ideas and brains and the souls of men.

Wiseman Weidman describes in his last, unhappy book where the buried treasure is, and what the hazards are for those who seek it.

The cost of this book is the price of knowledge.

(—London Express Service)



Now here's a woman you are sure to hate



GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON reviews the 'NEW BOOKS'

THE WIDOW. By Susan Yorke. John Lehmann. 9s. 6d. 216 pages.

THIS is not so much a novel as a prolonged essay on love, written by somebody who dislikes it. The author, Susan Yorke, an American living in Buenos Aires, has a remarkable virtuosity in the analysis of emotion. She uses her gift to evolve a character, "the widow," to selfish, scheming and cold-blooded, that she would be one of the most odious women in fiction. If only it were possible to regard her as a human being at all.

But Susan Yorke has done her work too well. Carried away by an almost personal hatred for her "heroine," she has created not a wicked woman, but a malignant machine.

This is the story of a middle-aged woman's diabolical destruction of the young man whom she has captivated. The widow (her name is never divulged from start to finish) tells it herself in a mood of naive self-applause.

"See," she says in effect, "how brilliantly I have converted love into a form of long-term planning! Observe how skillfully I, a wealthy woman, fashionable and forty, ensnare this youth on whom my possessive fancy has alighted! Watch how I play with this poor wretch so that even his infidelities, of which he is so ridiculously proud, are in fact dictated by my wishes! Wait and admire how neatly I despatch the victim when the appropriate moment arrives!"

In surroundings of "gracious living" (i.e. cocktail parties, swimming pool, fashionable concerts) in a South American city, the widow marks down for the measure passion she calls "love," a weak, good-looking young lawyer. She is

astute enough to see that marriage to him would be a tactical blunder. No! The only satisfactory end to the grisly amour will be the young man's destruction.

This the widow brings about by a variety of cunning devices. For instance, she makes his niece (whom she has selected for him) so jealous that the girl runs off with the young man's best friend. Finally, he is driven to suicide when the widow smashes the Ming vase that he regards as his "good luck" piece.

And what happens then? What happens when the cat has at last killed the mouse? "My mind," says the widow in her grand way, "is a dreary realm that lacks a sovereign." In simpler language, she is bored.

Anybody interested in love as an experiment in deep freezing might care to try this grim but talented novel.

SUSAN YORKE spent childhood in China and India; studied political science in New York; went to South America in United States foreign service; married, lives in Buenos Aires.

EVERY MAN A PENNY. By Bruce Marshall. Constable. 12s. 6d. 512 pages.

A GOOD man and an unpromising life. Not very promising ingredients for a longish novel. In fact, it is only Bruce Marshall's humour, prejudice, faith and humanity that keep this book diversely alive. It is plain from the word "no" that the Abbe Gaston will never get anywhere in the Church. For one thing, he is too indiscreet, and for another, he is a shade too sympathetic towards sinners. Often he wishes that "the Lord had made Christianity a little easier or at least allowed a handicap to bad players." These are not the sentiments of the successful churchman.

Apart from one excursion to South America (where painful irregularities have been reported: priests smoking cigars in the confessional, etc.), the abbe spends the whole of his life in Paris, where the church of St. Clovis strives piously to win over the congregation of St. Remy, which in holy emulation tries to sneak back its errant flock.

The abbe takes no part in this competition. He lives, with his cats, in a flat above a kept woman and watches France going to the devil.

The 'too-frank' letters of James Joyce

Books and persons

BY HORACE THORGOOD

I LEARN that the James Joyce exhibition, big Paris success in the autumn, is being brought to London by the Institute of Contemporary Arts, will open, early February, in the National Book League's gallery.

In time for it, John Lane is publishing January 12, the first cheap edition in this country of Ulysses (18s.).

When, during the war, Joyce fled from Paris to Switzerland, leaving unpaid rent, his landlord auctioned his effects—except those snatched beforehand by friends.

Pictures went for the price of their frames. Many items thus dispersed have been recovered. Joyce's Jewish helper, Leon, deported by the Germans, even eluded an "underground" return to rescue certain unsold reminders from the flea—was discovered and shot.

One sealed parcel of letters too frank for contemporary publication, rests with the Dublin National Library, not to be opened till 50 years hence. But Patricia Hutchins James Joyce, due in the spring from Falcon Press, will throw new light on the subject.

By apt coincidence, a study of the author of Lady Chatterley's Lover will appear about the same time—Richard Aldington's "Portrait of a Genius, but . . . (Heinemann). Why the "but . . . ?" Aldington explains, "In going over the books and letters I noticed that somewhere or other almost everyone used the phrase, 'Of course, D. J. Joyce was a genius, but . . .'" Aldington, while allowing the "but," emphasises the "genius."

Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Inter Wells, Norman Douglas, Eddie Marsh and Maugham helped and influenced him. With Marguerite Sieen he wrote the play French for Love.

From all this a frank study of the restless Twenties should emerge.

Another war book success is "The Naked and the Dead," Publisher Wingate says he has sold 70,000 copies and expects 65,000 by Christmas.

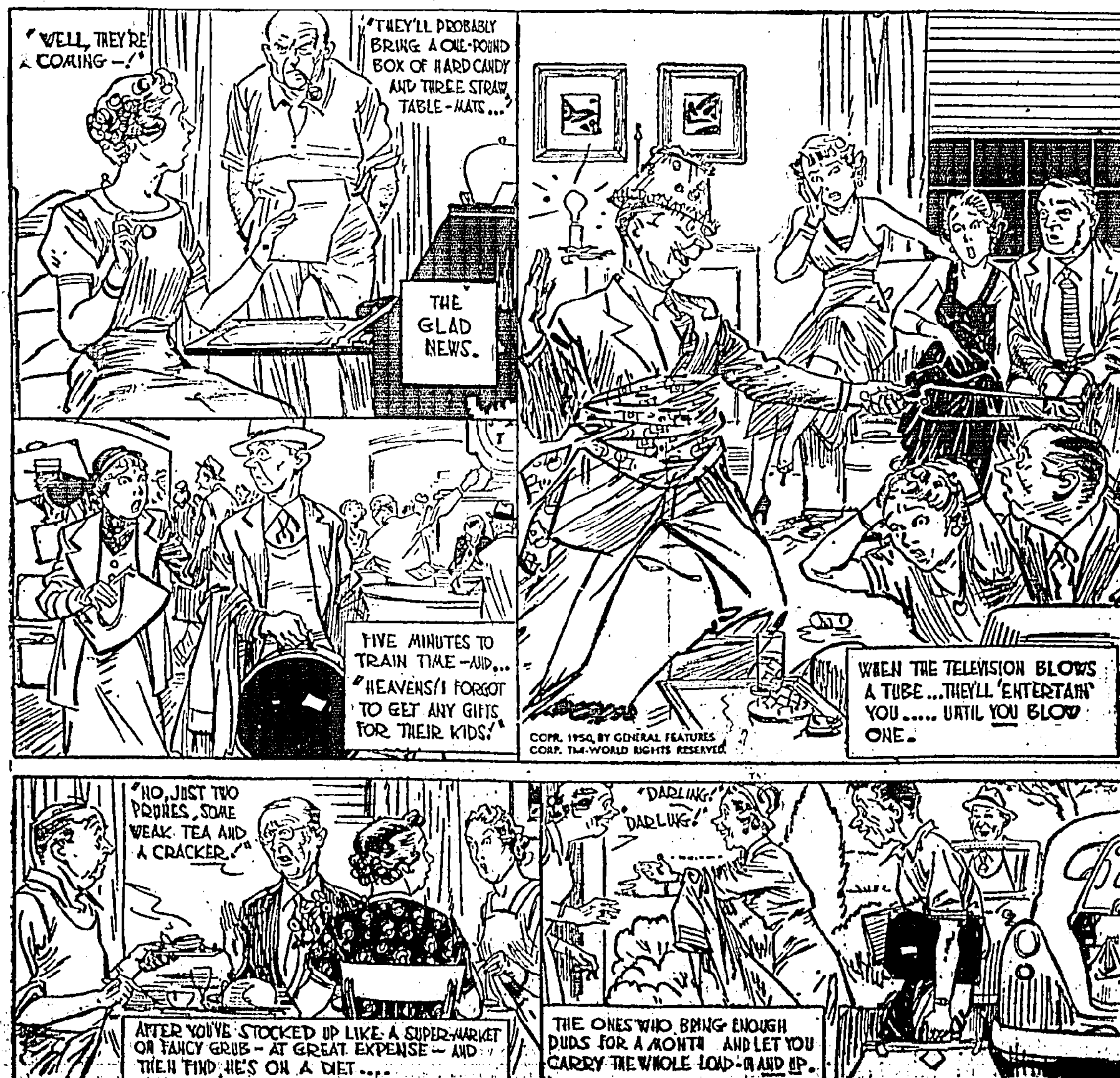
"The youngest old man I have ever known," says Eleanor Jarman of her grandfather, Joseph Jefferson, American actor. She has written a foreword to his autobiography, appearing shortly in Reinhardt and Evans's Theatre Library under a new title, Rip Van Winkle, his most famous role.

Patrick Barr, whose forthcoming first novel, "Faster! Faster! (Eyre and Spottiswoode) will attract much attention by its very original theme and treatment; is an officer of the Surrey County Council in his early thirties.

His first title for it, "Train," was anticipated by a translated Russian novel published a few months back.

(—London Express Service)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Friday to Monday

By KEMP STARRETT



Alan Hoby Reports:

THE PROMOTERS ARE NOW ALL CHASING GUSSIE MORAN

Plans for the "biggest-ever" all-professional lawn tennis tournament at Wimbledon this autumn envisage Gorgeous Gussie Moran, Wimbledon's uncrowned glamour queen, as one of the star attractions.

Will Gussie turn professional? I hear that the promoters are chasing her with a number of propositions which should certainly not harm her bank-balance—if she accepts...

When I asked her at Wimbledon if she would be likely to hurl away her amateur halo, she gave a non-committal shoulder shrug and said:—
"I can't even answer that now. It depends on too many things."

The blue-eyed, black-haired Miss Moran, who was wearing a new white blouse, skirt and plain panties, didn't reveal to me what those "things" might be.

But any professional promoter who happened to be around her would have noticed that the Glamorous Gussie possesses in rich abundance that one asset which all promoters of commercial sport dream about.

The customers adore her. Gussie is not the greatest woman tennis player. Doris Hart, Louise Brough, Mrs. du Pont and possibly even Wimbledon's No. 2 glamour girl, delightful Nancy Chaffee, rank ahead of her in sheer technical ability.

But whenever she plays, she jams 'em in. The crowd stamped to see her. And, of course, when she concentrates, she can beat all but the first five or six of the world's women.

I would not be surprised to see her turn pro—if the right offer comes along.

A deluge of dollars, or even of English pound notes, is a delightful and often irresistible sight.

And Gertrude Augusta Moran is a smart—as well as a charming—girl.

For Brazilian Footballers:

Money Beyond The Dreams Of Avarice

By JOHN MACADAM

Rio De Janeiro.

It is impossible to have any idea of how Soccer has grown into a big-money game—money beyond the dreams of avarice—until you see it operated here. Brazilians assure me that their players, if they win the World Cup, will get not only a £1,200 present, but with fees for advertising beer, soft drinks, and all sorts of things, to say nothing of private gifts from wealthy businessmen, they will be on to more like £10,000 a man.

Furthermore, each player is likely to be given some civil service job that will set him up for life.

Realisation of these inducements has spurred England officials here to a belated statement that the English players had been told at the start of the tour that if they won the Cup they would be "well looked after."

This "looking after" appears intended to have been in the region of a preliminary £1,000 for the Cup-winning team, with an additional percentage of the profits accruing from the final series.

But, personally, I give no credence whatever to suggestions that the England players could

have earned themselves as much as £10,000.

The FA have campaigned for years for the payment to national players of no more than £220 match fee, and, though they are forced by the lavish spending in Rio to think again, it does not seem likely they will think that hard.

It would be a complete reversal of FA policy. The question they are faced with now is not only whether to meet the rough-tough Continental and Latin American Soccer with the same stuff—the Brazilians almost always play our clean game—or stick to our Corinthian style, but also whether they should compete in the inducements race.

REPERCUSSIONS

This Rio stay will most certainly have repercussions back home when the players talk of conditions here.

Though the man from Bogota failed to make any impression on our boys, they cannot but help notice the difference in lavishness for players compared with English conditions.

There is money here for an attractive touring European club, and money for the players. A single match would show almost as much return as some British League sides could draw in a season.

The odd reaction here is that the saddest people—apart from the British colony, president of the British colony, president of the business, Stewart Harvey from Kingswear, Devon—are the Brazilians.

They are as baffled by our defeats as we are ourselves and will not accept them as anything but flukes.

To other nationals who criticise us they point to the ocean and say: "Go and take a walk and don't stop until your hair floats."

(London Express Service)

FORCING BACK-PLAY

At Lord's I saw English cricket take a hiding. I saw the galvanic, likeable West Indians teach our boys a couple of cricket fundamentals we are in danger of forgetting.

1. They have taught us the value of forcing back-play as distinct from a defensive pushing-away of the ball off the back foot.

When Clyde Walcott slammed those shots through the covers and straight-drove the spinners smack to the boundary, he showed us what any leading county batsman worth his cap should be able to do.

2. Walcott, Weekes, and Worrell gave us an even more precious reminder of past glories when they went out and cleared our slow stuff. They used their feet—one, two, three, four—to get to the pitch.

They never stood at the crease like petrified statues, as if a couple of hands had come out of the ground and grabbed both feet....

WONDERFUL SEASON

Joe Davis, whom I met in a London club last week, has had a wonderful season.

At 49 he has been producing some superb cueismanship. He has mesmerised both opponents and spectators.

This has been Joe's most successful season since he retired. He has twice beaten his brother, Fred Davis, the ex-champion.

Also among the victims are Walter Donaldson, the current title-holder, George Chenier, Sidney Smith, George Lindrum, Peter Mann, and young Pulman, who many believe will be as good as the Master himself some day.

HE DIETED

Not bad for a man in his fiftieth year. How has he done it?

"I felt I was getting just a little bit soft," Joe told me. "I dieted. I took massage. I lost 18lb. in six weeks. And I trained. I practised several hours on my own table each day."

"Finally I went to work—to win. There is only one way to do that—intense application."

That is the winning answer in every branch of sport—intense application.... Individually.... Initiative.

THE DODDS CASE

Jack Dodds, famous international centre forward, has been expelled from the Football League. I am not surprised.

If anything was certain in this whole fantastic Bogota business it was that Dodds would be the one to catch the lash of the League's displeasure.

I don't often agree with the League. Again and again I have lashed the League clubs for failing to pay our footballers what they are worth. And I shall go on doing so until they do.

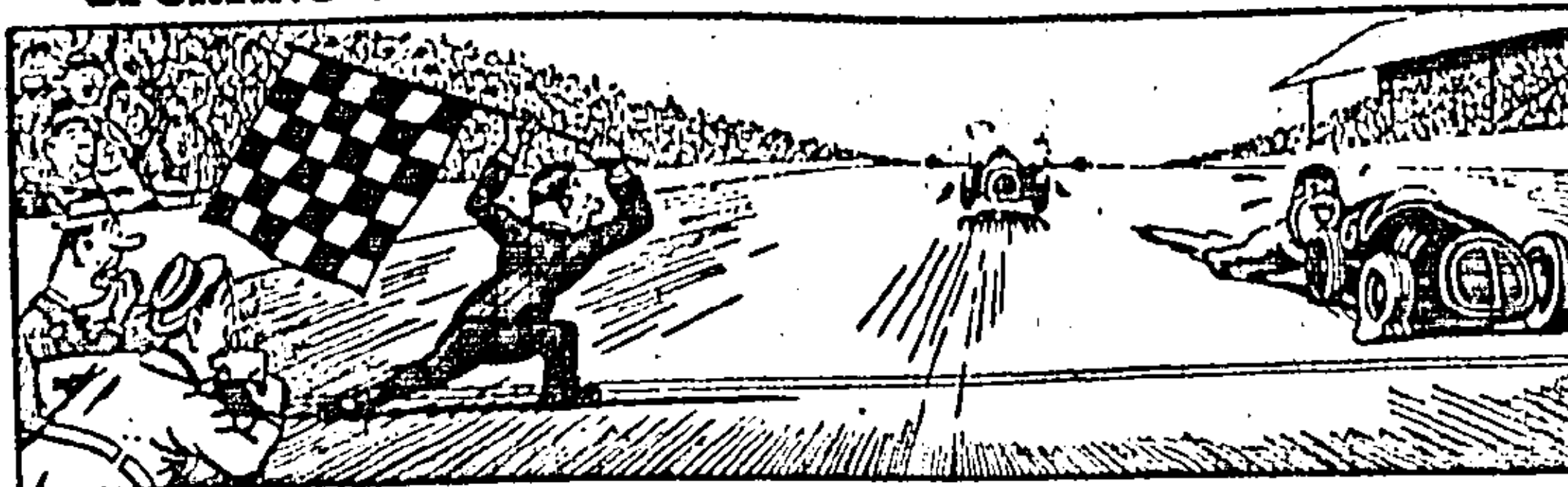
But Dodds knew what he faced. By acting as the English agent for Bogota's Millionarios Club, Dodds broke Rule 67, which says: "Any club player... guilty, directly or indirectly, of inducing a registered player of another League club to leave, for any purpose whatsoever, the club for which he is registered, shall be deemed guilty of misconduct and be liable to be expelled fined, etc."

I like Dodds personally, but he surely can't be surprised at what has happened now.

(London Express Service)

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



"The Outside Of A Horse Is Good For The Inside Of A Man"

"The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." This is the brisk philosophy of a Welshman who is restoring some of Britain's lost prestige in the sporting world.

To start the story where it begins, one must picture a PoW camp at Kassel, in World War II.

There a group of British officers, "with nothing else to do," made plans for a team of horse-jumpers to win world championships.

Today Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn (who was in Africa with Montgomery when the plan was drawn) is fulfilling more dreams than ever came to those who prior to the war were being thrilled this summer by his dashing and superb displays of horsemanship. By their victory at Lucerne his team became undisputed champions of Europe.

Continental winds as the colonel's men enter the ring.

"Now for another act of British aggression," says Llewellyn cheerily. "They were telling us we'd do better on bicycles."

Now, with export orders for British horses rising, success is the work of two men, Llewellyn and Lieut.-Colonel M. P. Ansell, D.S.O., chairman of the British Show Jumping Association and late of Kassel prison camp.

Ansell says that Llewellyn, tall, handsome, 38, has the mind for international sport. "A horse and a sportsman, but he goes in to win," Llewellyn has been in the saddle since he was four, and



L.L. Col. Llewellyn

sits it like a centaur. He is the second son of the late Sir David Llewellyn, South Wales colliery owner, and it was because of a colliery horse that the colonel became interested in jumping.

"OVER—AND THROUGH"

"He was a heavy gold dun," says Llewellyn. "We called him 'Over-and-through.' I took him round the local shows, and he either went right over the top of the fence—or through it."

WHERE DID ALL THESE TROPHIES COME FROM?

By STEVE SNIDER

All followers of sport are familiar with the Ryder, the Davis, the Curtis, the Stanley and the Wightman Cups and with the Harmsworth Trophy. The names are those of the donors.

But who these donors were and why they gave their names to the trophies that mean so much in the world of sport today have been very nearly forgotten by our present generation.

So here are some notes on the men and women behind the trophies so easily sought: The Harmsworth Cup for world tennis supremacy—was put into play in 1900. Dwight F. Davis, then a Harvard student and a tennis player with a wicked left hand style, donated the trophy to stir up interest in tennis. He twice played on the United States team himself. Later Secretary for War and a Major-General in World War II, he died in 1945.

The Stanley Cup, the professional hockey prize, came to a Briton visiting Canada. Seeing players battling each other dizzy just for the fun of it, he decided that they should play for more than love of the game. He got in touch with a friend in England, Lord Stanley, who sent \$50 for a prize. This sum went into the Stanley Cup.

The Ryder Cup for the professional golf series between the United States and Britain was donated by a Briton too. The late Samuel Ryder, a seed merchant who engaged a private coach to the trophy in 1927 after Mitchell and a few fellow Britons had triumphed on American team in an informal get-together the previous year.

The Walker Cup for the amateur golf series between the United States and Britain was presented by George Herbert Walker, then President of the United States Golf Association, who went to Scotland for a meeting on golf rules in 1920 and got the idea there for a match between the two nations. The cup was first competed for the following year. Mr Walker is still living.

The Wightman Cup for the

tennis series between the United States and Britain was presented by Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, one of the early great players of the game, who put it up for competition in 1923 and played herself a few times on the American team. She lives in Boston and still plays tennis.

The Curtis Cup for the golf series between women of the United States and Britain was presented by Harriet and Margaret Curtis of Boston. Harriet Curtis was an American Women's Champion in 1900 and her sister was Champion in 1907, 1911 and 1912. The Cup was donated in 1930.

Margaret Curtis, once winner also of the United States tennis doubles title, played in the United States Golf Championship as recently as two years ago.

The Harmsworth Trophy for motor-boat racing was put up in 1903 by Sir Alfred Harmsworth, later Lord Northcliffe, to further interest in the sport. He was a sportsman but no speed pilot.—United Press.

Brothers v. The Rest

Mr. E.H. Down, of Oakwood Road, London, wants a festival cricket match in which a team of cricketing brothers should play the Rest of England. "Fancy" matches like this never really happen—they take so much organising—but this one would be a very attractive fixture, and I should not like to let it pass. He was a sportsman but no speed pilot.—United Press.

GORDON'S GESTURE
Gordon Richards, a native of Shropshire, has sent a donation of £100 to the fund of the Shrewsbury Town, the new League Div. III North, club. In a letter to the fund secretary, W. A. Reade, Gordon says: "Herewith please find my cheque for £100. I hope you will have no trouble in getting the rest."

The fund was organised privately as a townsmen's effort to help the club buy players.

—BRUCE HARRIS

(London Express Service)

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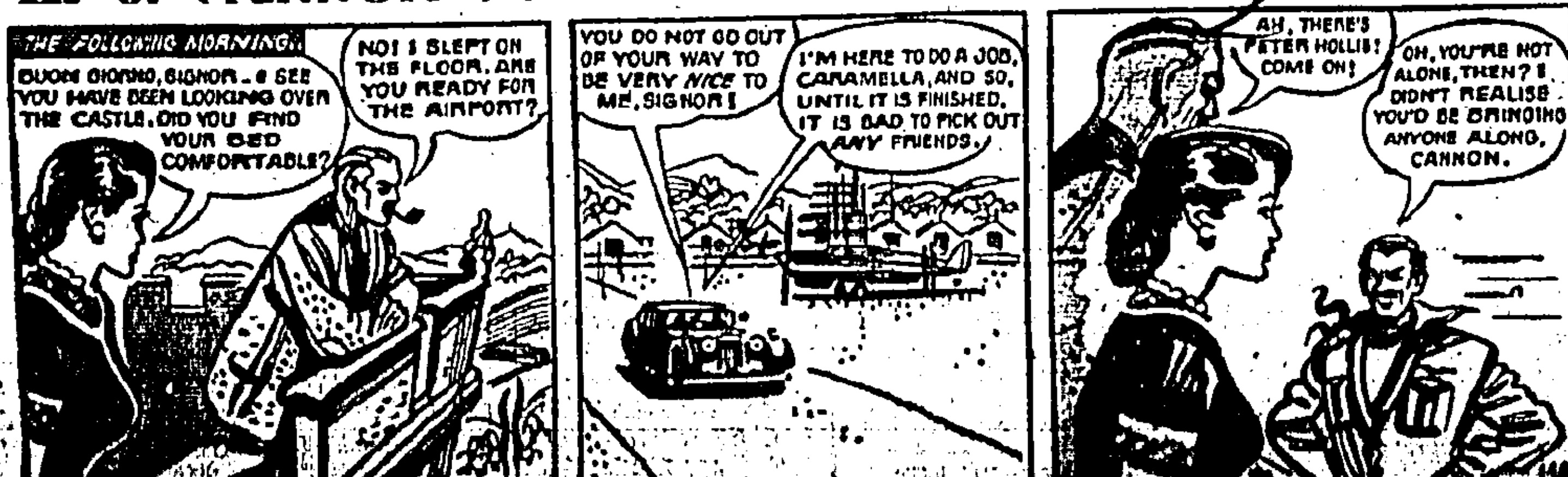
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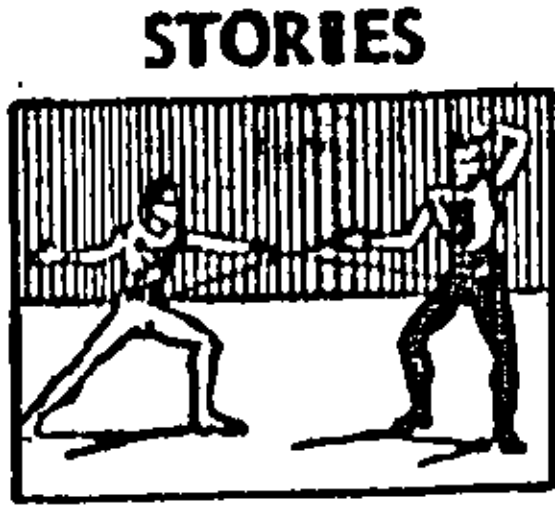
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JOKES

Escape! Continuing the children's serial . . . Five Fall Into Adventure

by ENID BLYTON

THE thought that the men might soon return even angrier than they had been before was most unpleasant.

"As soon as Markhoff tries the key in the door of the tower-room he'll find it won't unlock it, and he'll know that Jo has tricked him!" said George.

"And then he'll be in such a fury that he'll tear down here again, and goodness knows what will happen to us!" groaned Julian.

"What shall we do? Hide again?"

"No," said Dick. "Let's get out of here and climb down the cliff to the sea. I'd feel safer there than up here in this cave. We might be able to find a better hiding-place down on the rocks in that little cove."

"It's a pity my boat's smashed," said George. "With a sigh for her lovely boat."

"And, I say—how are we going to get old Timmy down?"

THERE was a conference about this. Timmy couldn't climb down, that was certain. Jo remembered the rope still hanging down the side of the cliff to the ledges below—the one she had tied there to help Julian and Dick climb up the steep sides of the cliff.

"I know," she said, her quick mind working hard again. "You go down first, then Dick. Then George can go—each of you holding on to the rope as you climb down, in case you fall."

"Then I'll haul up the rope and tie old Timmy to it, round his waist—and I'll lower him down to you."

Circus of half-pints

By Hester L. Allotson

A SHOEMAKER'S son may not follow in his father's footsteps, but some children of circus parents consider it an honour to do so.

Not long ago in Frankfurt, Germany, the children connected with the Circus Belli put on a show of their very own. After four weeks of patient rehearsing of feats they had seen their parents perform, the first public "little" circus was given.

These youngsters, ranging from eight to 13 years old, were an efficient and well-organised group. Due to the efforts of eight-year-old Amanda, who acted as packed house, the first public "little" circus was given.

Two 10-year-old boys, Rudi Belli and Wolfgang Trunk, shared honours as director and paymaster. Girls were dressed as ballerinas and boys as clowns. Trained elephants did their stuff and horses pranced to the approval of the crowd.

One of the top stars was eight-year-old Rudi Belli, who was billed as the world's youngest trapeze artist. Rudi also performed with a 13-year-old boy, doing stunts on a high bar.

To make a perfect conclusion, all of the young artists, on the very next morning, received their salaries from "Paymaster" Rudi Belli and Wolfgang Trunk, who divided all the proceeds.

The First Patient

The doctor's small daughter was showing a friend through her father's office. They were looking at a skeleton in a corner of the room.

"What's that?" asked the girl.

"That's a skeleton," said the doctor.

"What's it for?" asked the girl.

"It's for a skeleton," said the doctor.

He's so sleepy still, he won't struggle. He won't even know what's happening!"

"But what about you?" said Dick. "You'll be last of all. Will you mind? You'll be all alone up on this ledge, with the men coming behind you at any minute."

"No, I don't mind," said Jo. "But let's be quick."

Julian went down first, glad of the rope to hold to as his feet and hands searched for crevices and cracks. Then came Dick, almost slipping in his anxiety to get down.

Then George climbed down, slowly and anxiously, not at all liking the steep cliff. Once she glanced down to the sea below, and felt sick. She shut her eyes for a moment and clung with one hand to the rope.

It was a dreadful business getting Timmy down. George stood below, anxiously waiting. Jo found it very difficult to tie Timmy safely.

He was big and heavy, and didn't like being tied up at all, though he really seemed hardly to know what was going on. At last Jo had got the knots well and securely tied, and called out to the others.

"Here he comes. Watch out! The rope doesn't break. Oh, that wish he wouldn't struggle—now he's bumped himself against the cliff!"

It was not at all a nice experience for Timmy. He was going to and fro on the rope as he was slowly let down, and was amazed to find that he was suspended in mid air. Above him, Jo panted and puffed.

"Oh, he's so awfully heavy! I hope I shan't have to let go. Look out for him!" she screamed.

The weight was too much for her just at the last and the rope was let out with rather a rush. Fortunately Timmy was only about six feet up then, and Julian and George managed to catch him as he suddenly descended.

"I'm coming now," called Jo, and without even holding the rope, or looking at it, she climbed down like a monkey, holding on to handholds and footholds by magic. The others watched her admiringly. Soon she was standing beside them. George was untangling Timmy.

"Thanks awfully, Jo," said George looking up gratefully at Jo. "You're a wonder. Tim must have been frightfully heavy."

"He was," said Jo, giving him a pat. "I nearly dropped him. Well—what's the next move?"

"We'll hunt round this queer little cove a bit and see if there's any place we can hide," said Julian. "You go that way, George, and we'll go this."

They parted, and began to hunt for a hiding-place.

There was suddenly an excited shriek from George. "Jill! Come here. Look what I've found!"

"What's that?" asked Jo.

"It's a boat!" yelled Dick, suddenly, and began to pull the rope of seaweed manly off the hidden boat.

"Markhoff didn't see it!" he cried. "It's here, perfectly all right! He couldn't find it—it was hidden so well with seaweed—so he just came back to find and told him a lie."

The four children were so tremendously surprised and

lovely that they thumped each other excitedly on the back.

A roar from above made them all silent.

Markhoff was up, shouting, "Now for home," said Julian.

"Now for home," said Julian.

"Quick, quick!" said Julian, urgently, pulling at the boat. "We've got just a chance. Pull her down to the water, pull her down!"

Markhoff was now coming down the cliff, and Jo wished she had untied the rope before she herself had climbed down. For Markhoff was finding it very useful. She tugged at the boat with the others, wishing it wasn't so heavy.

The boat was almost down to the water when something happened. Timmy, who had been gazing at everything in a most bewildered manner, suddenly slid off the ledge he was on and fell straight into the sea. George gave a scream.

"Oh, Timmy! He's in the water, quick, quick—he's too doped to swim! He'll drown!"

Julian and Dick didn't dare to stop heaving at the boat, because they could see that Markhoff would soon be down beside them. George rushed to Timmy, who was splashing around in the waves, still looking surprised and bemused.

But the water had an amazing effect on him. It was cold and it seemed to bring him to his senses quite suddenly. He became much more lively and swam strongly to the rock off which he had slipped. He clambered out with George's help, barking loudly.

The boat slid into the water, and Julian grabbed at George. "Come on. In you get. Buck up!"

Jo was in the boat and so was Dick. George, trying to clutch at Timmy was hauled in too. Julian took a despairing look at Markhoff, who was at the end of the rope, about to jump down. They just wouldn't get off in time!

Timmy suddenly slipped out of George's grasp and tore off his coat, and with a warning cry, he leapt over the cliff barking madly. He landed on the rock perfectly all right. The sudden coldness of the sea had washed away all his drowsiness and sleepiness. Timmy was himself again!

Markhoff was about five feet above the ledge when he heard Timmy barking. He looked down in horror and saw the big dog trying to jump up at him. He tried to climb up quickly, out of Timmy's reach.

"Woof! woof, woof! Grrrrrrrr!" "Woof! woof, woof! Grrrrrrrr!" "Look out—he'll have your foot off!" yelled one of the men above on the ledge. "He's mad—snarling—he's savage. Look out, Mark!"

Markhoff was looking out! He was terrified. He clambered up another few feet, and then found that Timmy was making runs at the cliff to try and get up after him. He went up a bit further, and clung to the rock with one hand, afraid of falling, and being pounced on by the furious Timmy.

"Come on, Timmy!" suddenly cried George. "Come on!" The four of them had now got the boat on the waves, and if only they had Timmy they could set off at once round the rocks at the cave entrance before Markhoff could possibly reach them.

"Timmy, Timmy!" Timmy heard, cast a last regretful look at Markhoff's legs, and bounded across to the boat. He leapt right in and stood there, still barking madly.

Markhoff dropped down the rope to the ledge—but he was too late. The boat shot out to the entrance of the cove and rounded it. In half a minute it had disappeared round the rocky corner and was out at sea.

JULIAN and Dick rowed steadily. George put her arms round Timmy and buried her face in his fur. Jo did the same.

"He's all right again, quite all right," said George, happily.

"Yes, falling into the cold water did it," agreed Jo. "Good old Timmy!"

Timmy was now snuffling about in the bottom of the boat joyfully. He had smelt a lovely meal. Jo wondered what he had found. Then she knew.

"It's the packet of sandwiches we brought with us in the boat and never ate!" she cried. "Good old Timmy—he's wolfing the lot!"

"Let him," said Julian, pulling hard at the oars. "He deserves them all. My word, it's nice to hear his bark again and see his tail wagging!"

And was it certainly the world that never stopped? The world had come right again for Timmy, he could see and hear properly again, he could bark and caper and jump—and he had his beloved George with him once more.

"Now for home," said Julian. "Now for home," said Julian.

"Now for home," said Julian.

"Now for home," said Julian.

"Now for home," said Julian.

"Now for home," said Julian.

A never-never land in America



The younger generation at Mooschcart doesn't lack for playthings as shown in the top photograph of a toy-filled nursery. Lower left is a view of the 800-acre farm which produces 60 percent of the food for this child city. Students earn extra money by performing farm chores in their spare time. In the lower right picture is a group of 8- and 9-year-olds playing hopscotch.

JUST 40 miles west of Chicago is a little city which has its own post office, heating plant, schools and hospital. It's a "child city" operated for and by boys and girls.

This is Mooschcart, Illinois, which has as its "citizens"

approximately 850 youngsters even its own fire department. This city is maintained by the Loyal Order of Moose for the sons and daughters of deceased members of the lodge. Since its founding in 1913 by the late Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, about 5,000 boys and girls have graduated.

Mooschcart is managed by people who do not like institutions," says Malcolm R. Giles, executive director of the Loyal Order of Moose.

"We do everything we can to make Mooschcart as much like home as possible."

That is why boys and girls of the same age are grouped together like a "family." They live in many small dwellings instead of one large, bleak dormitory. These "family" groups eat together like normal families. They have individual spaces to store their belongings. Everything is done to make things seem homelike and to teach boys and girls to become responsible citizens of grown-up communities later.

Baby Village

FOR the very young boys and girls there is the Pennsylvania "Baby Village," with furniture of doll-house size, and toy-filled nurseries.

Older boys and girls have more grown-up communities. The boys also have their own barber shops, girls have beauty salons and instruction is given in all sorts of useful trades. There is a student bank, which honours cheques for as little as one penny.

There is also a "department store," where students select and buy their own clothing. The "money" at the store is requisition slips.

Also a part of the family life of the community are church services and religious instruction in all denominations. Children also learn music, instrumental or vocal. A child can receive instruction on any instrument he chooses. There are several bands and orchestras and a number of stage productions and plays are given throughout the year.

Pet Peeve

FOR play, there are all kinds of sports: roller skating, ice skating, dancing, swimming, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, Cubs and Brownies.

Various age groups have their own teams for everything from ping-pong to hockey.

The football teams last year won their entire schedule of 29 games. There is a large memorial stadium for the big sports events.

Pet peeve of the children is that they are sometimes called "orphans." They are not. Many have one parent living. In some cases the mother lives and works at Mooschcart. But those who have no parents certainly have a nice foster-parent in the city of Mooschcart. There are no "lonely" orphans there.

Picture on the Playroom Wall

—When Knarf Looked, the People Moved—

By MAX TRELL

THERE was a picture on the wall of the playroom. Knarf, the shadow, often looked at it for a long time, examining everything in it. It was a very interesting picture.

The picture showed a coach, an old coach drawn by a brown and a white horse, standing in front of an inn in England. An inn, as Knarf knew, was a kind of old-fashioned hotel where people stopped and slept, and ate their meals until they moved on again to another place.

In the picture there were a few people gathered in front of the inn, watching the coachman loading the coach with bundles and trunks. He was putting things on top of the coach, right behind the seat where he sat when he drove the coach. There was an old lady with a blue dress and a long white apron and a little white cap, standing around her gentlemen, boots and long coats and hats with wide brims. And above, standing on the balcony of the inn, were two maids dressed all in white.

Hold a Horn But the most interesting thing of all for Knarf was the coachman and his coach. The coachman had a long red cap and a long red coat and a long red whip. He was holding a horn in his hands and he was blowing it. The coach was a long, low, white coach with a high roof and a small window at the front.

The only passenger in the coach was a little boy. He was smiling and he was waving to the people gathered in front of the inn. Some of the people were shouting and some were waving their hands.

"David!" shouted Knarf as he ran toward the picture. "David!"

David Copperfield didn't seem to hear Knarf. He didn't even turn his head.

"David!" shouted Knarf again. "David!"

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Knarf stared at the picture.

getting along at boarding-school!"

Christopher Cricket stopped dozing at once. Knarf sat up with his eyes wide open. And instantly they looked at the picture on the wall. What a scene they saw!

Everything in the picture had come to life. The people gathered in front of the inn were moving about and talking. The coachman in the red coat had laid down his horn and was lifting up a heavy trunk.

The horses were stamping on the cobblestones impatiently. The coach was eager to go. And Little David Copperfield himself was calling down to his friends standing on the top of the coach.

"David!" shouted Knarf as he ran toward the picture. "David!"

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STUNTS AND STUFF

By BESS RITTER

KEEPING photograph records in their original envelopes prevents them from becoming scratched. To simplify locating them when needed, attach an index tab like the kind used on notebooks, to the opened end of each one. Letter the name of the record on it.

For your own frozen pops you need a can of pineapple, peach or pear juice, a half cup of water, and the same amount of sugar. Add marshmallow cherries if you have them. The taste? Delicious!

Alphabetical Objects is a fascinating game. Start by giving each participant an old magazine that has lots of illustrations. The game is to select and tear out 20 pictures of assorted objects, each starting with a different letter of the alphabet—for example, the picture of an apple, some butter, a cat, a dog, an ear, a farm. As soon as all the players have finished, attach all the deliberately unsorted pictures on the wall with Scotch tape, where everybody can see them. The first player who lists all the objects in alphabetical order is the one who wins.

Don't throw away your ball point pen when it stops writing. Chances are that it can be fixed by simply removing the unit by poking a long, narrow hat-pin through the hole. When you are sure that the cavity is no longer clogged, reassemble your pen. In many cases this simple operation will put it back into working order for a long time to come. If you can't find a hairpin, use a piece of thin wire.

Take some 10-cent balloons along with you when going swimming. Your wrist-watch, your money, and any other possessions absolutely waterproof. Place each object inside a balloon, secure it with a knot, and tuck it inside the zippered pocket of your trunk.

If jewellery making or other metal working is a hobby with you, try this tip: Remove the wire guard and fan blades from an old electric fan, and secure a hard ink eraser in its place. Recall—an excellent tool for polishing your work. When at buffer is needed, remove the eraser and replace it with a suitable brush.

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